Storm

Copyright Notice

Storm

By aquaturtle66

©

Ex Libris Sapientiae

2011 by aquaturtle66. All Rights Reserved.

No reuse, redistribution, or modification without permission.

Printing: Not allowed without explicit permission.

ID: 1062. View this Book Online

Table of Contents

1. Storm (Chap. 1) 5

2. Storm (Chap. 2) 13

3. Storm (Chap. 3) 25

4. Storm (Chap. 4) 35

5. Storm (Chap. 5) 43

6. Storm (Chap. 6) 51

7. Storm (Chap. 7) 67

8. Storm (Chap. 8) 79

9. Storm (Chap. 9) 91

10. Storm (Chap. 10) 99

11. Storm (Chap. 11) 109

12. Storm (Chap. 12) 127

13. Storm (Chap. 13) 145

14. Storm (Chap. 14) 161

15. Storm (Chap. 15) 173

Chapter 1

Storm (Chap. 1)

Fighting Who I Am

Chapter 1

My whole life changed the day that I turned eleven. Before then, I was a normal, happy, carefree girl. I didn't hide who I was or lied, hell I am not even sure I truly understood what lying was then. I didn't know of my family's history, and I lived in a world without fears, well major ones that is.

"Anastasia, what's your call?" Cali asked me. That was me, Anastasia Storm, I know, not the best of names, but I am too lazy to go and legally get it changed.

"Follow my lead, do not make a move-unless it is fighting someone off-unless I tell you to, the whole operation is on the line if you don't do exactly as I tell you." I know it sounded harsh, but it was true. If they did one thing wrong, we were all dead, us three, and hundreds of other people in the long run.

"Okay boss," Cali and LeAnn chorused quietly.

I closed my eyes and listened to the heart beats around me. That was something I could always do, even from birth, if I concentrated, I could hear the heart beats from anyone within the same room as me, over the years, I have been able to expand my weird ability so that I could hear anyone that was in the same building.

I listened and created a mental map of where we were. When you could hear so many heart beats, you could tell where they hit the wall and we muffled, kind of like what a bat does with echo location, I was able to know what was waiting for me and many were waiting to kill me. Right now, they were all criminals. All fifty of them.

"Hold back and wait for my signal," I told my team and headed down the hallway silently, you couldn't have heard me even if your ear had been pressed to the floor.

My team nodded, they knew better than to go against my orders. I was a thousand times more powerful than they would ever be.

And that scared me.

My team and I were...abnormal. Other people would call us superheroes, we thought of ourselves as the people who stood up for the weak, nothing super about us.

I was the leader, the fearless one, the one with no emotions, the one that never felt pain, and the one who could do anything.

That is what my team thought of me, not what I thought.

I was afraid of myself, I was afraid of people killing me in my sleep, I was afraid of a lot of things. I felt emotions, but I just didn't show them, let them control me. I sure as hell felt pain, I was rarely ever

without it, I just learned not to show it, not to fear it. I also couldn't do everything, I wish I could, but that was something I wasn't capable of. I couldn't do everything because I couldn't trust and I wasn't capable of love. Two years of fighting evil, both in myself and in other people, I had been stripped of those abilities.

I leaned against the wall can concentrated again. Once I was sure that no one was coming, the no one was near me. I went from listening to heart beats to changing my self.

I wasn't changing my form of anything, I was just making myself invisible, it was something that came in handy, a power I gained after I turned eleven. I opened my eyes and snuck around the corner into the mass of muscular drunken man with weapons, lots of weapons.

I saw what I was looking for and started to head toward it. The central database. The big brutes were all surrounding the high-tech computer that was essential to all of their hits, all of there personal information, and all of their headquarter locations. If

my team and I were able to get that information, we could take Evelyn down once and for all.

Finally I was able to make it past all of the dangerously swaying and sometimes fighting bodies. I closed my eyes and I was able to sound-proof the area around the computer so no one could hear what I was doing and with a wave of my hand, I was able to put an illusion in front of the screen so that anyone besides me would see what was currently on the screen now.

In a matter of just one minute, I was past all of the security systems and in the main system. Don't let my speed fool you though, the security was all NASA grade stuff, I was just a genius and the most of the stuff I created was about two centuries past what we were at now.

I hit send and all of the information-deleted or not-was sent to my necklace. My necklace was part computer chip- that only fit in one of my computers- and part camera. I would consider myself more of a scientist than a superhero. That's just how I was.

I stuck my finger in my ear and activated the communicator. Action, I thought to them. After months of tinkering and getting electrocuted, I was able to get our communicators to pickup and send out brainwaves. The second that I activated my communicator, the girl's also were automatically turned on.

Finally, I heard Cali think, and then I turned the closest and toughest looking guys and kicked them where no man should be kicked. When everyone's attention was focused on the two large men that seemed to be crying out in pain for no reason, all hell broke loose.

"Oh, come on Storm, you didn't save us any," Cali whined as we waited for the cops to show up. We had already fought and tied up about fifty men who were most likely on steroids.

Even though my name was Anastasia, I was rarely ever called that by my friends, I was always Storm to them. Storm meant strength. I was strong to them, someone they always looked up to, someone they should run from.

"I only took out about twenty-five of them."

"You said there were fifty- two of them!"

I frowned. "That means you each got to take down like thirteen of them."

"Exactly!"

I still didn't see what the big deal was, but then again, I was a pacifist and Cali was just weird. Well much more normal than I was, but still. "Le, what do you think?" I asked LeAnn who had been mostly quiet since we left my house.

"I think that you need to stop worrying about us so much, you may be a better fighter than both of us combined, but we are old enough to take care of ourselves, older than we by the way. No one got hurt, we're fine."

Wrong actually, I thought. My hand was bleeding from a deep cut from a knife I got when saving Cali from having it go into her neck and a broken ankle because my ankles were so weak they broke constantly. Not that I would ever show them that I got hurt, but I still was. "I'll be the judge of that," I

said, the held out my left hand, the one that wasn't bleeding, and pure yellow energy started to make my palm glow.

I ran it over their bodies, not touching, but still close. If they were hurt in anyway, broken bones, torn muscles, pooped joints, even a small cut, anything, the glowing would intensify and I would heal them. The bad part, I felt there pain until they were completely healed, I had never told them his though.

Cali had a few bruises and LeAnn had a broken wrist, I healed them quickly and with tons of power left to spare. I could heal myself, but I never did, someone as vial as me shouldn't be healed; I deserved all the pain I was put in, that and more.

"Oh no, the po-pos," Cali always used this old mobster term when talking about the police, "we better split."

I nodded and we flew out of the old warehouse about all of the flashing blue lights and the noise and flew back into my house without my parents even knowing that we left.

Chapter 2

Storm (Chap. 2)

Chapter 2

"Ana!"

"Evie," I greeted her. "Evie, you know that I hate the name Anastasia, so why do you insist on calling me Ana t remind me of it?"

"Because Storm sounds so... dangerous... and I always see you smiling and laughing, it just doesn't seem to fit."

I smiled. "Mhm." She grabbed my hand as led me through the stores, eager for our planned day at the mall.

I truly lived a double life. I pretended to laugh, to smile, to be carefree, to be good. That just isn't how I am though. I smile, but I rarely ever laughed, I am always looking over my shoulder, and I have a dark side, truthfully, I am not good.

As Evie was pulling my through the crowd from the mall, I past Cali surrounded by her group of friends. We exchanged glances, but made no other sign that notice was given.

Cali, LeAnn, and I all had gone to the same elementary, middle, and now high school. At school, we were different people there, lived in different crowds. Cali could be considered popular, but she was so nice that you couldn't even dream of calling her one of the 'mean girls'. LeAnn was more of a...loner, yeah she had friends, but she was quiet and preferred to be alone. I was lost somewhere in the middle.

At school, we didn't really didn't know each other, yeah we knew each other's name, but we rarely talked. At home, we were the best of friends; we would constantly be sleeping over at one another's

house or just hanging out. We did this so that if one of us was figured out, the others would still be safe.

A hand was suddenly in front of my face. I flinched back into a defensive position. "Ana, hello Ann?" My eyes flickered towards the voice, still in my ridged stance. "Wow Ana," Evie said, "you are acting weird. I asked you a question."

I relaxed seeing that there was no danger. "I am so sorry, I was just daydreaming, what did you ask?"

"What's up with you? You're so weird today." She smiled, and with that, I slipped back into my perfect façade.

"Storm?" LeAnn asked at my house that afternoon, "You look sick, everything alright?"

I blanked my face and shoved the nauseous feeling that I had in my stomach to the back of my mind. "I am fine," I lied. I had perfected the art of deception, even my team, who knew me better than anyone else, couldn't see through my lying pretense, couldn't what I was really feeling.

LeAnn was the only one that has even the slightest chance of catching me in my lie this time though. She wanted to be a doctor, so normally, she could tell if someone was really sick or hurt or just plain faking it.

But luckily for me, she just shrugged and let it go, she believed me.

The girls went back to their sparing with on another while I was shifting through the files that I had picked up from our last mission. I was putting the data through one of the programs that I had created that would both separate it and look for key words that I had set it to look for. I was sitting on my bed with my laptop when the girls sat down next to me, finally done with their workout.

"You need to take a break Storm; you do too much work for us already." Cali then looked at LeAnn to finish her thought, "We should find her a boyfriend, she-"

"No!" I shouted cutting her off. "I don't need a man, there is not use for boyfriends except for them

getting into your pants and I defiantly don't want that."

"That is not the only reason for a beau, love-"

"Love is weakness." This was my motto, what I lived by, and a phrase that was pounded- literally- into me since I had discovered that I had powers at the age of eleven.

"No Storm-" was all I heard before the sick feeling became more than I could bare and I jumped.

I was able to time travel, to just open a portal to anytime that I wished and enter a different time, a different world. 'Jumping', on the other hand, was when I was forced to time travel and I couldn't go back until I saw what I need to see or I did what I had to. Usually this happened when I was extremely nervous or stressed, but sometimes it happened because an event or something that was said triggered it. Also because the universe hated me and wanted me to watch horrible things that happened through out time up close and personal.

I was thrown through the time space continuum, a colorless, barren place before I tumbled into some other time. When I had finally stopped flipping head over heals, I stood up slowly to find myself in my backyard. Everything looked as it had before I jumped so I figured I couldn't have been more than a few years in either direction.

I dusted off my jeans and tee-shirt, and then flew up to my second story window to see if I could help myself. The first time that I had ever jumped was when I was twelve. I was freaking out when my mom told me that I had to get on A on my math test or I was grounded for a month, I wasn't good at math. The stress of the need to please my parents had set me over the edge and caused my first jump. If I was over the age of twelve, I could show myself, if I wasn't, then I planned to either so hide in the woods or stay in the shadows and just watch.

When I peaked through the window, I almost lost the little concentration that was needed to stay in the air and plummet to the earth, thankfully, I could myself. I saw a girl with light blonde hair hug a taller boy

with dirty blonde hair, and then she leaned back and gave him a kiss on the lips. I gasped in revulsion and she opened her-my- eyes to stare at me with slightly surprised hazel eyes, I started to fly backwards.

She broke completely away form the boy blushing.

I shook my head. I didn't blush, I didn't hug people, I didn't show emotion, and I certainly did not I anyone. That couldn't have been me!

"Storm," she (or me, I am not sure what to think of seeing my past or future selves, it just makes everything so confusing) had such an authority in her voice-my voice- that I had never heard before. It was also my voice, it had to of been me.

I shook my head again, no I couldn't be her.

"Don't run, either you can come in here or sit out there in the rain until you leave, which for all you know could be a couple of days." When I jumped, I could be in the past for any amount of time and then I could return to the future and it could be minutes later when I get back or days, it didn't matter how long it wasn't in that time.

I opened my mouth to protest, to say that it wasn't going to rain, but then, as if on cue, the sky opened up and it began to pour. I scowled at the offending- for the first time ever- rain and reluctantly flew into the open window into my room. I went as far across from my future self and the boy as I could possible get while still staying in the room.

"You've grown weak," I growled at her in disgust, "y-you can't be me."

She sat on my-her- bed and the boy sat down beside her, totally confused, then she smirked. "Love is weak? You still believe that? That people who show who they are are-"

"Weak. Yes I still believe that because it is true. You love, people have control over you, you feel, people have control over you, when people have control over you, you die. It's as simple as that."

The boys wide green eyes seemed horrified at my little speech. But my future self was unperturbed. "You are so naïve."

"You're not much older than me," I spat, then I realized the truth of my words and I backed way from them further into a nonexistent corner. "Y-y-you can't be me. I refuse to be weak and more than that, I promised myself that I would never drag anyone to suffer through my hell. You can't be me, this-this has to be... a...an illusion, something, but this can't be real!"

My future self got up slowly. "I am real," she gestured to the boy, "he is real. You can't change what will happen; there is no point in fighting it."

"I've changed the future before," I said, my voice was uneven and shaky, I almost didn't recognize it, I never sounded this vulnerable.

She smiled sadly. "But you can't change this," was the last time I heard before I was thrown back into the time stream.

For once, I enjoyed the darkness, the desolation of the time stream. It seemed to mirror my feeling of dread.

I couldn't love; such a pure emotion was saved for the people that were good. I couldn't force someone into my life either; intertwining their life with mine would mean death for them. My future self loved that boy; it was obvious by the way that they were around each other. She had let him find a crack in her armor, a weak point, I wouldn't. But even if I was truly supposed to fall in love with him, then the least I could so was stay away from him, to never even met him.

Anyone I loved was in danger because of me, I was constantly in danger, they couldn't be around me and safe at the same time, that's just not how it worked. How could I be so selfish as to keep someone that I supposedly loved in the future to keep him near me when it would surely kill him?

I knew that answer. My dark side, the part of me that was evil, my good side would be able to love, but that side of me would be selfish enough to do that.

But I would fight it, I wouldn't let myself to feel such an emotion, I would never let my shield down, not even for a second. I

I closed my eyes and set my resolve for changing the future. When I opened them back up, I was tumbling back into my bedroom in my own time with my friends looking down worriedly at me.

{Author's note: please tell me what you think, ik this story may be confusing, but I don't want to tell you too mauch all in one chapter and overwhelm you... I hope that this made sense- tell me if it didn't beucase this is a very impotant chapter.... I hope you liked it, please comment and vote. And i will post another chapter for this after I get another chapter posted for my other books, so soon, I hope. :D

-Kaite}

Chapter 3

Storm (Chap. 3)

Chapter 3

"Storm, are you okay?" LeAnn asked, helping me to my feet.

Hell no! "Yeah." I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to get a hold of myself. "What time is it and how long was I gone?"

"About nine so I would say you were gone a good four hours. Where did you go anyway?"

"Here, in about two year or so, I looked fifteen or sixteen." They nodded. "I am going to bed," I told him

before they asked more questions and I would actually would have to lie to them.

"'Kay night Storm," they both said then Cali turned off the light as I went into the bathroom to change.

I started into the mirror and willed myself to not start hyperventilating. Jumping through time was not a good feeling. It sucked every ounce of strength out of your body and made you feel like you were fighting to stay the sane. I had never told the girls the implication of jumping through time like I was sometimes forced to and I didn't plan on telling them about it anytime soon.

I dreamed that night I was sitting alone in a white room with no doors or windows. "Hello?" I asked irked that this was all my imagination, an empty room with nothing to do.

I heard a chuckle from behind me and I whipped my head around towards the sound as it reverberated through the room. I froze, it was him. The green eyed blonde haired guy I saw in the future. "Impatient are we?" It was the first time that I had ever heard him

speak and his voice was captivating, it sounded like warm honey.

I hid my shock and scowled at him. He laughed and said, "You can put on a mask, but you can't hide you emotions from me, defiantly not here." He pushed himself away from the wall that he had been leaning on and gracefully walked over to stand a few feet away from me. "I need your help."

I blinked, well that was unexpected. "With what?" I asked, keeping me cool and keeping trying to keep a firm grip on the irrational fear I had.

He frowned at me, looking confused and troubled. "Why are you frightened?"

"I am not scared of anything!" I am just scared of the future. I refuse to be like that! I took a step back and said, "You never answered my question."

He stared at me for a moment. "You have the weirdest emotion patterns," he said before answering my demand. "My friends are captured by Evelyn, the one who you and your team are after, I

can't get them out on my own, and I need help, your help."

"I don't know what you are talking about." Since he seemed to be empathic, I made sure that I felt confused at what he said.

He smirked. "I know who you are, you have helped me once before, saved me actually. Evelyn thinks that I am one of his men, I have infiltrated his organization. I know information you need to take him down once and for all, all that you need to do is help me and I will tell you everything that I know."

I was torn. If I helped him, I could finally rid myself of that evil bastard, but at the risk of putting myself in temptation of that future. That would make me become weak if I allowed myself to fall for him like I had seen.

If I didn't help him, he would most likely get himself killed along with his friends and that would make me feel so extremely guilty and I would still have to deal with Evelyn, but at least I wouldn't have the risk of becoming weak.

I sighed, I knew what I would have to do and I knew I would regret it. "I'll help you."

He smiled and looked like a great weight had been carried off of his shoulders. "Thanks Anastasia."

"It's Storm," I muttered, I really hated my first name. "You never did tell me yours."

He smirked and it was cockier than all of his others. "I will tell you... tomorrow. Oh and by the way, don't kill me when we meet but we can kill the guy that I am traveling with, he'll be trying to kill you." With that, this dream ended and faded into another.

"Storm!" I felt shaking and my body acted automatically. I jerked upright and flew across the bed to put space in between me and the person and my hands went up into a defensive position before I even woke up enough to take in my surroundings.

"Ohmygod," Cali gasped at my sudden movement. "You scared the crap out of me!"

I yawned and fell back onto my bed, seeing that on one was trying to kill me. I really was not a morning person. I hid my head under the covers to block out

the sun that was now streaming through my windows. "Why the hell did you wake me up?" I grumbled.

"Le and I are leaving; we thought that you might want to know that."

I lifted the blanket just enough that I could look at

them, Cali with her platinum blonde hair and bright blue eyes and LeAnn with her dark down hair with her blonde highlights and chocolate eyes. "'Bye Cali, 'bye Lee," I said then went back to hiding from the sun.

"Goodnight Strom," they both chuckled and knowing how I was in the mornings. I heard them walk out before I fell back asleep.

It was hard to drag myself out of bed to get into the shower, but it was ten and I had to get up sometimes.

As the cold water slowly woke me, I thought about the dream I had last night. Was it real? It sure seemed like it. But then how was it real and what did he mean by that last part? That he was coming her today.

I just brushed it off and started to dry my long blonde hair. I frowned at my sad hazel eyes. I was so depressed all the time that they always looked so dull, lifeless. I wished that I had blue or green eyes; mine were just so... boring.

I sighed and pulled on my shorts and a white tee. I was looking out the window back in my room pulling my hair into a bun when I heard them, one heartbeat that was beating fast with adrenaline and another slower and anxious.

I closed my eyes and used my powers to pinpoint where the heartbeats were. The one that was ready for a fight was almost to the top of the stairs while the other wasn't moving from the base of the steps in the living room.

His- I could easily tell that it was male because the male hearts usually have a stronger beat- heart suddenly picked up and I felt a slight pressure on my temple, I ignored it.

I whirled on the man who had just raised his knife to kill me.

I spun out of the way just as he brought it down, aiming straight for my heart and flicked my hand and he went flying into the wall.

As he hit my light blue wall, I noticed that this guy was huge! He had muscles that would make people on steroids look scrawny. Somehow he managed to lift his large bulk off the ground and he came at me again, fists flying.

I dodged all of them knowing that I would have no chance of blocking them. I kicked his in the groin and he bent over, but before I could get away from him, he grabbed my ankle jerked it from under me. I fell to the ground and he straddled me so I couldn't move.

He looked around for his knife that he had dropped when I had used my telekinesis to slam him into the wall. I saw it before him, the glint of the silver blade pressed against his jugular.

"Get off of her," a furious voice growled.

The big caveman didn't even move his eyes from mine when he said, "You have betrayed us Raymond,

for a girl." Slowly, making no sudden movements, he got off of me.

Raymond laughed. "I was never with you." As soon as his weight was off of me, I slammed my fist as hard as I could into his neck and my attacker fell to the ground, unconscious.

I then looked at the boy that the man had called Raymond and I stopped breathing. It was him!

Chapter 4

Storm (Chap. 4)

Chapter 4

As soon as the man's limp body fell to the floor, I turned my full attention to the boy. His hair was a little mused from the fight, and his strikingly emerald eyes bore intensely into mine. He took the knife that was still in his hand and handed it, slowly, to me, hilt first.

"Cali, LeAnn, I got someone here for you two to take in," I said after activating my communicator.

"Got it boss," Cali said, "in your room?"

"Yeah," I answered then I cut off the connection. "Nice to finally meet you... Raymond is it?" I said cautiously to the boy. He said he wasn't going to hurt me, but I still wasn't going to let my guard down. As I was talking, I was backing up so I could reach behind me and grab bindings for the big lug on the floor.

"Yeah, I could say the same for you, Ana-" he started to say my dreaded first name and caught himself "-Storm and you can call me Ray."

I nodded, my eyes never leaving his as I was tying up the soon-to-be-inmate. I felt the pressure on my temple again and this time I was of mind enough to examine it. "You can't get in," I told him.

He frowned. "What?"

"You can't get in my mind. I can tell that you are a mind reader, a strong one at that, but you still won't be able to get passed my shield.

During one of the times that I was caught and tortured by Evelyn, he had tried to use a mind reader to find out who my team and I were. That and to mess with my mind, seriously. They were able to find

out my secret identity but I was able to create a strong enough shield around my mind to keep them from finding out who the girls were. I had never let my shield down since.

"Oh, that makes sense," Ray murmured to himself, "why I wasn't able to get my warning to you."

It was my turn to be confused. "What?"

"I am a strong enough psychic that I can actually send messages into-" he broke off about five seconds after I heard my friends' flight towards my window. "You're friends are here."

"I know," I told him, "I heard them before you read them."

I flicked open my window my telekinesis and they flew in, landing gracefully on the floor. LeAnn tensed and the ever-trusting Cali let her guard down when she saw Ray.

"Who's he?" Cali asked jerking her thumb towards him.

I groaned. "He could have been trying to kill me and you sit here asking who he is. What happened to all of that training?"

"I don't think that is this name." She thought now was a good time for jokes?!

"Ray. Nice to meet you, Cali, LeAnn."

Cali opened her mouth, but I cut her off already knowing the question that she was going to ask. "Mind Reader."

Cali nodded, satisfied, but LeAnn looked instantly wary.

"I won't read your minds if you don't want me to," Ray clarified, "I just need help. I have no intent to discomfort you in anyway if you are to help me."

"What do you want?" Cali asked.

"I am trying to find out," I interjected, trying to get them back on track, "but first I need you guys to take our buddy her" -I poked him with my foot- "to where he belongs."

"Got it boss," the ever-silent LeAnn said. She closed her eyes and concentrated, Cali blinked then did the same and together they were able to lift him out of the window. If it wasn't for telekinesis, I was pretty sure that they wouldn't have been able to get him out of my room.

I sat down on my bed and I motioned for Ray to sit on the chair across the room. He sat down but he didn't say anything, he just stared at me.

I shifted uncomfortably under his intense gaze. "You said that you needed my help," I prompted.

He blinked; it almost looked as he was coming back from his own little world. "Yes."

I waited for him to continue, he didn't. "You said that your... friends were... captured. How did that happen?"

He sighed. "My friends... are like you, superheroes. They went on a mission to one of Evelyn's warehouses and were captured before they could even realize that it was a set up.

"When did this happen?"

"Six months ago. After they were captured, I was able to find out where he took them, but they were too heavily guarded for me to get them out on my own, and believe me, I tried.

"When I realized that that approach wouldn't work, I was able to infiltrate his ranks," he continued, "to get him to trust me. But he won't let me get close enough to them to get them out; I was able to get all of the floor plans and all of the locations of their warehouses." I had gotten this information from my team's most recent heist, but I decided not to mention that. "I was also able to require the security passes to get them out though," he finished and I nodded, absorbing all of it. "But I had already told you some of that."

"Which reminds me, how were you able to...to enter my dreams?"

He smirked. "You might not let me read your mind, but apparently, you are perfectly fine with me entering your subconscious."

I looked at him, immensely confused now. "You can enter someone's mind? How is that possible?"

"I am not sure actually. I can't really enter their entire mind, only the part that controls their dreams. The only part of someone's mind I can manipulate are their dreams, I am usually just a silent eavesdropper."

I nodded again. "Why did you come to me for help?"

"Like I said in your dream, you had saved me once before, and then you told me to come ask you for help, that I would need it, I didn't know what you meant at the time but I understand it now."

I was beyond pissed. That wasn't me that was my future self, she messed with the time space continuum and now I was forced to help the one person who had the ability to make me weak.

"What did I say to make you so angry?" he asked and for a second I forgot that he was empathic. But at the moment, I couldn't care less.

"Tell me," I growled, "what did I look like?"

Chapter 5

Storm (Chap. 5)

Chapter 5

"What?" he asked confused by both the question and my tone.

"What did I look like?" I said slowly, venomously.

His eyebrows pulled together and he frowned as he thought about it. "A lot like you do now, but you looked... a little older? Like a little taller, I don't really know, it makes no sense because it was a four months ago, you should have looked younger."

I clenched into fists, the only visible show of my anger, my face completely expressionless. "I am going to kill her."

"Who?"

"I looked older because I was older. My future self has been messing with her past again."

There was always some repercussion resulting from going back in time. The smallest things could change someone's life. It was even possible the accidentally cause someone to born or for another to cease to exist. It was impossible to go back without something negative happening on top of a positive. In this case, it was me becoming weak and I would not do that.

"What?" Was Raymond only capable of one word questions?

"It's her fault, I should have known it. I know nothing like this could have happened without my tainted-ugh!"

"I am confused," Raymond admitted and stood up to sit on the bed next to me.

This is closer than he ad ever been and my whole body reacted, every nerve ending felt like a live wire. I shot off of the bed and put distance between us by pacing around my room, more agitated by his presence than angry now. "I- it's- never mind, it is not of importance, I will deal with it later." And I would. "I need to know, what can you do? I need to know your powers to see how much of a use you will be."

"I will, on one condition."

I froze in my pacing and turned to look at him. I was helping him and he thought that he was in the position to make demands? "Excuse me?"

"I won't tell you what I can do unless you tell me what you can do."

"And if I don't?"

"Then I-" He frowned, I guess he finally realized that I didn't have to help him or more importantly, I didn't want to. "Please," he begged, turning the full force of his eyes on me.

"Okay," I sighed then blinked. What just happened here? Why the hell did I agree to that?

"Well, I can read minds as you already know as well as enter and control dreams, I can temporarily speed up or slow down time, I have super strength, I have super sonic speed, I am empathic, and I can also tap into other people's powers if they are close enough to me." I nodded, this was all very helpful. "Now," Ray continued, "I believe it is your turn."

"I can fly, create force fields, put people to sleep with the flick of a finger, I can heal others, super strength, I can astral project, am telekinetic and I can jump through time both on purpose and on accident. I am also to naturally heart people's heart beats and my hearing exceeds that of others."

I suddenly felt overwhelmingly afraid. I had never told anyone everything that I could do, not even my team and yet here I am explaining everything to a complete and total stranger.

So suddenly that I wasn't expecting it, Ray disappeared off of the bed and I felt something snake around my waist from behind. He pulled me against his chest and I fit in Ray's arms like they had been made for me.

I could feel myself almost melting in his arms. Ever since I turned eleven, an ice had been building around my heart and his presence seemed to warm me. It made me undeniable terrified of him.

I jerked out of his arms and I covered up my fear. "Don't touch

me," I said, my voice flat, emotionless. "I see what you meant about being fast; I have never met someone who could move faster than my eyes could follow."

"Sorry," he mumbled, "I could feel your fear and I am a very physical person, my first impulse was to hug you, I see that that wasn't my best idea."

You think?! I thought but then sudden beeping went off and Ray jumped. "Shit," he swore and he looked panicked. "I have to get back, if I don't get back, Evelyn will be suspicious and my cover could be blown." His eyes met mine, "Meet me in two days in the woods." He pointed to the woods that were visible from my window. "Don't forget, I will try to be there at twelve, but if I am not there by two, I could not make it." And with that, he turned as he was so

fast that he wasn't even a blur as he ran out of my house.

I collapsed onto my bed. I was screwed. I needed to get rid of him fast, I had almost let him get to me before. I needed to get him gone soon and I needed him to keep his distance from me.

I felt a displacement in the air in front of me and I felt the veil between times become incredibly thin until there was a tear and I was face to face with myself.

"I could just kill you right now," I hissed to my future self who looked as if she was trapped in an elliptical mirror.

She smirked. "You could but I am sure that would be considered suicide..."

"I hate you," I growled, "because of you I am becoming weak."

"So you have already fallen in love?" she asked sarcastically. "You thought only love was weak, you said nothing about trusting people."

I could just kill her! "Anastasia," I heard a voice chuckle from somewhere in her room that I couldn't see, "leave yourself alone."

She laughed and her whole face softened. "Do you know how weird you just sounded Ray?"

It was Raymond? "Yeah, I know." My future self expanded the portal so that I could also see Ray, he was sitting next to her and his arms were possessively around her waist.

"Why did you change the past?" I asked her, my voice displaying none of my emotions.

Her face which had been warm and open closed up to match mine: expressionless. "You would not understand if I told you now, but you will. Everything that you was drilled into you, everything that you believe is about to be contradicted, be ready for it, because if you aren't, you are going to be drowned in what will happen."

Before I could even ask her what she meant, she closed the portal and I sat there more confused than ever. What was happening here?

{Author's Note: sorry that was so short! but i was having a bit of writers block and I wanted to keep their next meeting in the next chapter. It will pick up, because Anastasia Storm attracts that much trouble and it follows her everywhere. :D Please comment and vote.

-Katie}

Chapter 6

Storm (Chap. 6)

Chapter 6

"Cali, duck!" I called and being as smart as she is, Cali's half-frizzy, half- curly blonde head whipped around to stare at me with her wide blue eyes. Bam! "And you're dead, when someone yells duck, you duck, not look at them. If this test was real, that dude would have just punched your lights out."

"Ugh!" Cali groaned, her thin pink lips pressed into a hard line, "I hate you!"

I chuckled. "It's not like I asked for this."

LeAnn laughed. Her chestnut eyes suddenly widened, "Storm, behind you!"

I did a back flip and kicked the hologram in the back and as he 'fell' to the ground, I did a chop to the back of the neck to knock him out.

"Gah! I hate these damn projections!" LeAnn screamed her brunet and blonde hair flying wildly around her face as she tried to defend herself without killing her opponent, which is not as easy as it sounds. "Please I think we trained enough, let us stop!"

I laughed and took out five more guys in a matter of seconds.

"Please Storm, I-" Cali broke off screaming as another attacker came at her, she dodged and continued to fight as she talked, "I..." hit, duck, "think..." she got hit in the stomach, "that we are good!" she said and kicked the guy as hard in the groin as she possibly could. He fell to the ground and didn't look like he was moving anytime soon.

I laughed. "Cheap shot."

She smirked. "It worked didn't it?"

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw another man rush at me. I snapped my fingers and the warehouse melted away into our plain white training room. Our attackers, both out-of-commission and the ones that were still fighting back disappeared. The hologram projectors hidden in the walls flicked then turned off.

"How the hell do you make a hologram hurt?" Cali complained dropping herself to the floor with the aid of the wall. "In all of the sci-fi movies they are just bluish 3-D pictures that crackle all the time. Can't yours be like that? No, they have to look real and you can actually somewhat feel it when they attack you!"

I laughed. "Only the best for my friends."

"I hate you," they both mumbled.

"There's only a fine line between love and hate, loves," I joked.

They both groaned and LeAnn fell to the ground beside Cali. "I liked you better when you couldn't even fight your way out of a paper bag," Cali grunted.

"Yeah," LeAnn agreed, "now you are better than both of us combined then that doubled and we suffer for it."

I smirked and did a bow. "Why thank you."

"Hey, Storm? Who was that guy yesterday? Ray, I think."

My muscles locked down and a fresh wave of fear washed over me, but on the outside, I locked at ease. I didn't like that feeling of fear at all. "His friends were captured by Evelyn." The hate was clear in my voice when I said his name. The bastard had destroyed my life and he would pay for it. "He needs my help to get them out. He's infiltrated Evelyn's stronghold so that he can get in without raising suspicion but he can't exactly get them out."

"And that is where we come in," Cali stated.

"No, that is where I come in."

"No," LeAnn protested, "you are not doing this alone, we are helping you whether you like it or not."

I rolled my eyes in amused disbelief. "I can stop you."

"And we will probably hurt ourselves trying to prevent you from preventing us to try and help you."

"Yeah Storm," Cali added, "we are in this together, for forever and for always."

I smiled, they are such good friends. But I still didn't want to put them in danger. I sighed. "Fine, you can help," I lied sounded defeated.

They smiled. "And now we go shopping," Cali chirped, "in Paris."

"I'd love to fly to Paris," I told them and I really did, "but I can't go."

"Okay. I am going to have to take a shower. Meet me at my house in an hour Le."

LeAnn nodded and Cali left our headquarters and headed back to her house.

"I'll pick you up a crêpe," LeAnn promised then followed her out to take off to her own place.

I sighed. I opened another door and walked into our control room. The room was filled with countless and a lot of my inventions that sat on the selves. I sat in

one of the chairs and ran my fingers along across the keyboard to wake up the monitor. The screen lit up and so did a map of the U.S. A while ago, I hacked into a NASA satellite so I was able to get a constantly updated Birdseye view of everything.

I thought about that. And I started laughing, a thirteen year old hacked into an 'unhackable' system and no one even knew about it yet. I didn't look at NASA's files which I could have easily if I wanted to, but I didn't. It would be extremely inapt for a superhero to commit a justifiable crime.

With the satellite, I was able to monitor streets all over the country to see what was happening. If anything seemed remotely wrong, the computer would notify one of my computers and we were usually able to stop it. Thanks to my program, we were able to prevent countless robberies and even a few murders.

"Computer?" I said aloud.

"Yes Storm?" an electronic feminine voice asked.

"Send any updates to my watch and turn off the hologram projectors in the training room."

"Initiating. Transfer complete. Shut down complete. Anything else?"

"No thank you," I said getting up and heading towards the door. "Lock up then go into sleep mode," I called to the computers then shut the door. I heard the electronic locks activate behind me and I smiled. I loved science.

When I got home, I washed all of the sweat off of me and clasped onto my bed. Was this ever going to end? Was I always going to be fighting for my life? Was someone always going to be trying to kill me? I felt something unfamiliar prick my eyes and I raised my hand. It came back wet.

It was tears, I realized with a jolt. I hadn't cried for two years and I didn't plan on doing so now. I squeezed my eyes shut and took a deep breath. I was strong. I could handle this.

At least that is what my team thought. I had to be strong for them. No one would ever follow a leader

that was weak, that doubted herself, that cried just because life was a little hard. I needed to be in control of my emotions. I chocked on my breath.

I am not strong. At least I wasn't born that way. I am not naturally strong.

Two years ago, my eleventh birthday, the day that my life changed forever, the day that I found out my fate. Before then, I was happy; I could actually laugh and mean it. Now, I fake bring happy, I force out laughs.

Every three generations in my family inherit this curse. It started with an ancestor, Sarah Good. She was one of the first witches brought in at Salem to be a witch, but that was far from what she was. The history books had it wrong, very wrong. After her first husband, Daniel Poole died, Sarah had found a large rock in a wooded area near Salem, and she brought it back to her estate, hoping that she could sell it to pay off some of the debts.

The rock was actually a meteorite fragment. Sometime in its orbit, the rock chip picked up a large amount of unknown radiation. Even though it was

worth nothing, Sarah still decided to make the shining blue mineral into a necklace.

Nothing happened until after she met and married her second husband, William Good. Buried in dept, the Goods had to sell part of their land to their creditor, and then ended up becoming homeless.

The stress of losing everything that she had and having to beg for food, work, and shelter, caused something in her body to activate all of the radiation that she had absorbed from her makeshift jewelry. She developed the curse that the girls of her family have suffered from ever since.

She was able to make herself invisible. In 1692, she was brought to a trail accused of being a witch, more than seven people testified, even her four year old daughter, Dorcas, had said that her mother was proficient the wiccan practice.

One morning of the week, one of the town's people came to visit her in her cell. "I hope you burn in hell, witch," he had spat at her, "and all of your other little witches. The king will send all of you where you belong!" he shouted and left her there.

The days past and she had nothing to do except write in a journal that her husband had snuck in for her. The day before her execution, William came and took the journal from her. She told him to hide it so there would be some proof of the injustice that she was subjected to. He took it and did as she asked; he gave it to his only daughter from Sarah that he eventually disowned.

The day came and Sarah was burned alive tied to a stake. Many others followed after her. None of them witches, but of all of them, Sarah was the closest to one. Dorcas grew up and had children, totally unaware of the default that she carried in her genes, her kids had kids, and Sarah's blood lived on.

The radiation and the powers that came with it seemed like just a bad nightmare to Dorcas until she noticed her granddaughter acting the same way that her mother did when her powers activated, she became more secluded and jumpy. Not knowing what to do, she gave the eleven year old, Melinda, her mother's book and necklace.

Since Sarah, every third generation, a girl in my family had gotten powers, each time, the powers got stronger, and we got more of them. Every Good woman with powers died of something to do with fire except for one who was stabbed to death with a knife before the curse could come into affect.

As more time passed, the powers were just thought of as illusions, that they weren't real and that the people with them were just suffering from insanity. In some ways, that was right. Like me, for example. But for others, it was fear, and disbelief in the supernatural.

I was normal before I turned eleven, just like the others in my family, but I turned eleven and my powers activated and I lost any past innocence that I could have obtained. At first I thought it was a dream, and then I thought I was going crazy.

I stayed away from others, hid myself from the public eye. I ended up finding the old journal's of the girls in my family with powers and I learned as much as I could from those. They taught me how to control my powers and where they came from. After a week

of looking, I found Sarah's necklace that now hangs around my neck.

After a month of finding my powers, I passed an alleyway just as a girl was being mugged. Going off of an adrenaline high, I used my powers to save her.

That is when the attacks started. Somehow, someone knew that I had powers, that person sent someone to capture me. I was barely able to escape unharmed. I remember falling down to my knees and cry, yelling at God and asking him 'why me?' Without any answers, I had somehow stumbled upon Cali and LeAnn who had strange powers just like me. None of my ancestors had ever come across others who were like them so I had nothing to go off of; I was completely winging it now.

LeAnn was leading our little team at the time and I was their weakest link, they always had to go out of their way to save me when we were trying to save someone else. I was too passive-and afraid of them-to ask them to give me extra hand-to-hand combat training.

I travelled all over the world and got the best fighters to teach me how to defend myself. I also travelled back in time- both on purpose and the occasional unintentional jump- to acquire even more training. Soon, I surpassed them both in my fighting skills, but I still sought for knowledge. After a year together, after I had just turned twelve, they both voted to make me leader of the team because I was both the best fighter and the best strategist.

I wasn't a born leader though, far from it. I was too passive to order anyone to do anything. So, I finished what I had started. When my powers first showed themselves, a fog started to settle around my heart, growing colder and colder as I learned of all the injustices that happened daily. I let that fog freeze and I encased my heart in an impenetrable ice, that wouldn't melt.

Meeting Raymond shook me, whatever he was doing was messing with my ice, the ice that I needed to keep myself alive, to keep myself sane. In my travels, I was taught that love was weak, that if you allowed yourself to trust someone that much, it would end up

killing you in the end. People lied, they twisted emotions, if I gave someone my heart, there was no doubt they would break it somehow, that it would end up killing me.

Death followed my family like a plague. The fires that killed us didn't stop at just us, we also had to watch the people that we loved be killed in the unyielding flames. Evelyn didn't help either.

I heard my breathing speed up and I felt an aching in my ribs. I blinked back into reality and realized that I had started to hyperventilate.

I had to be strong. Not for me, but for Cali and LeAnn, and my family that would never know about my powers. I had to be strong for them, it was my duty.

This duty is going to kill me, I thought then got off of my bed and flew out my window. I didn't know where I was going; I just knew that I had to get away, if only for a while.

{Author's Note: sorry about the boring chapter, but i wanted to explain how she got her powers and a tid-

bit about her past. I will go more into her past, but now I just wanted to show you some of her stuggles. I am also not sure if the title makes sence so anyone, if it doesn't- or if you don't have the general idea of it yet- I will be happy enough to explain that in the next chaper.

Here are the character pics if you want them.

Storm- http://i7.tinypic.com/6c64t91.jpg

Cali- http://us.123rf.com/400wm/400/400/eastwest/eastwest0802/eastwest080200144/2539815.jpg

LeAnn- http://www.istockphoto.com/file_thumbview_approve/6642880/2/istockphoto_6642880-teenage-girl-with-cellphone.jpg

Ray- http://farm2.static.flickr.com/1343/664794603_21b22f6263.jpg

Comment and vote! :)

-Katie}

Chapter 7

Storm (Chap. 7)

Chapter 7

I stood up and looked around me. I was in a large meadow with a small waterfall and pound next to a large oak tree. Colorful trees dotted the soft, lush grass. A soft breeze blew small purple, yellow, pink, and red plants. I knew for sure that I wasn't in Montana anymore.

I walked over to the shimmering blue water and stuck my feet in the cool pound. I was wearing jean shorts and a purple tank top, so I decided that it wouldn't hurt to go for a swim. My head dipped under the clear water and I watched my hair fan out

gracefully around me. I felt peaceful. I was floating. Completely relaxed. Strangely enough, I didn't even have to breathe.

I broke through the surface of the water ad swam over to the waterfall and let the water caress my tense shoulders. This felt so nice, I had been under so much stress for so long...

I suddenly felt something warm massage my back along with the water and I leaned back into it and moaned.

I heard a chuckle just behind my ear and I tensed again. "Relax," I heard a seductive voice whisper as he began to rub my shoulders again. "You'll be safe with me, Storm," he murmured, his warm breath caressing the sensitive skin on my neck.

"And why is that?" I asked. I was going for sarcasm, but my voice was uneven and shaky.

He pulled me into his arms. "Just trust me."

I felt a surge of alarm, as well as anger, and I tried to move away from him. Ray's arms just tightened. "Let go of me," my voice was icy now. "I trusted someone

once and it almost cost me my life, I don't plan on making that same mistake again."

His lips brushed the back of my neck. "That someone was not me."

I whipped around to face him. "It almost cost me-" My words halted in my throat. We were both still treading water underneath the flow of water from the falls, but he was only wearing swim trunks without a shirt and his dirty blonde hair was darkened by they water and his green eyes were boring deeply into my dull hazel ones. I was distracted by his chiseled abs.

The waterfall abruptly disappeared from over me and I felt water swish around me. My back was pressed firmly between the rock wall behind the cascading falls and Ray's body.

"That was not me," he said through gritted teeth. He seemed to be leaning towards me, but you could see it in his eyes that he was fighting against something. "I would never hurt you," he murmured closing his eyes as well as the distance between us.

Beep beep beep beep beep! "Oh my god," I gasped and spat out the hair that ended up in my mouth when I had sat up so fast. Then the details of the dream came slowly back to me. "What the hell?" I thought aloud.

I rubbed my eyes and tried to blink the sunlight out of them. Why did I dream that? I don't even like him. Hell, I am on the border of hating him.

Lair, my voice breathed.

I was shocked. I thought of the voice as my conscious, my guardian angel. If it wasn't for that unexplained voice, I would be six feet under by now. The voice would always speak up just before something horrible was about to happen if I didn't see about it in a vision first. I didn't understand why it chose to speak up now.

I spent a few seconds trying to figure it out, but in realizing that it was pointless, I got up from the bed and took a quick shower. I looked at the clock as I waited for the water to warm up. 10:30. Ugh, it was too damn early.

I took a long shower. I didn't have to meet Ray until twelve so I could take my time. I put on jean shorts and a white tee. My outfit reminded me of that dream. It seemed so real. Like I had been to that place before, and everything felt so real. I had never had a dream like that before, it was so weird.

I finished up and I grabbed my bag filled with a few useful inventions of mine, a few weapons, and some medical supplies that I took everywhere with me and headed out the front door.

Neither of my parents was home, this wasn't a surprise to me. My parents, Kirsten and Jason Storm were owners of a thousand dollar company and they traveled the world more than spend time with their own flesh and blood.

I walked to the woods where he had told me to meet him two days ago. I was pretty deep in the woods, so I curled up into the side of a tree and closed my eyes.

I hummed a lullaby and I was almost able to relax. I heard someone's steady heartbeat and when they were within a few feet away from me, the tempo of it picked up to twice the speed.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, what do you mean?"

I opened up my eyes slightly to look at him. "Your heartbeat, it's beating a little too fast."

Ray's face turned red and he sat down on the ground next to me. "I-I'm fine."

"Mhm," I murmured. "Nice to see that you came."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world." There was some hidden emotion behind his casual tone that I couldn't place.

"You sound tired," I noted.

Again, I heard his heartbeat speed up. "I didn't sleep well. The best dream that I have ever had, I just didn't get a really good sleep though."

I sucked in a breath. Did he use his power to control my dreams, was he? I shook my head; he had too pure of a soul to ever do that.

"Oh really?" I asked. "My dream started out wonderful, but then something happened and I only

had a constant reminder on how the universe hates me. Nothing new."

"Oh really?" he mocked me.

"Mostly."

"Okay, well I only have a few hours, so let's get to work." He reached into one of his pockets and pulled out a few pieces of paper. We spent the next hour going over the floor plans and trying to find the safest way in. I was still wary of him, not letting him get closer than a foot away from me, but I was starting to get used to him.

"Good, we have the base marks set for a plan to get your friends out, now we just have to see how well you fight."

He smirked. "I am ready for anything that you throw at me. So how are we going to test this?"

"You fight me," I told him and his heartbeat picked up again slightly and his face drained of color.

"Any other tests?" he asked nonchalantly. I had to give him some credit, he was obviously disconcerted

by this, but he put on a little act to seem like it was no big deal. His act was pretty good, nothing compared to mine, but still good for someone like him. Innocence almost pulsed off of him in waves.

"Nope," I told him stretching.

Ray paled even whiter, but he followed my lead. Was he seriously that much against fighting a girl or was he just that afraid of me.

Don't underestimate him, my voice said and I jumped at the suddenness of it. Well okay then.

I got up and he did the same reluctantly. "Breathe," I told him and threw the first punch.

He was able to block that one with less than a second to spare. His long hand wrapped around my wrist and yanked me towards him to try to make me lost me balance. I moved with him. I used this movement, to step behind him and sweep him foot out from under him with the same foot.

He caught himself. We circled each other, each waiting for an opening. I didn't even blink and suddenly he was behind me, his arm around my

neck, not really chocking me, but enough that it was uncomfortable.

I tucked my chin down to reopen my airway then I pulled on his fingers back. He instantly released me, not expecting the joint lock. The fight went on, starting to turn into more of a dance then a fight. I hit and he blocked gracefully. He hit and I dodged not-so-gracefully, but effectively all the same.

I pretended to aim a hit at his head and while he was preoccupied with my hand, I hooked a foot around his ankle and jerked.

Ray fell to the ground and I straddled him, pinning him to the ground. "Nice," he panted, "You are the best fighter that I have ever seen. I felt you hit me, but I don't even think I will have a single bruise."

I smiled. "Thank you, I worked hard to achieve that level." I wasn't even winded, Ray on the other hand reminded me of some one with asthma who is having an asthma attack. "Are you okay?"

"I am fine," he gasped out. I started to shift my weight so that I could get off of him, but Ray was suddenly

above me and I was pinned beneath him. "Who ever said that this fight was over?"

"I did. I know how you fight. You still have a lot to learn, but you are passed the amateur level."

"You never let us finish though," he complained, his face getting closer to mine as he whined. I could tell that his muscles were straining to keep himself held up over me.

"We can finish again another time." His face was just inches from mine now and I felt a surge of unease. "I have to go Ray," I told him, scrambling for an excuse, "Get off of me."

"Oh," he blinked, seeming to come out of his own world that he seemed to go to for a moment, "Sorry." He rolled over so that he was lying on his back.

I got up in one fluid movement while Ray was still on the forest floor, motionless. I held out my hand to help him up but he ignored it, not even trying to move. I laughed, something that I rarely ever did. "You have to get up sometime Raymond."

"I'd rather you not call me my full first name just as you rather me not calling you Anastasia. Oh and also, let me die in peace Storm," he groaned.

I laughed again and picked up his hand to yank him up to his feet.

His alarm on his watch went off again and he glared at it. "I have to go. I'll meet you at your house the next time that I can sneak away."

I nodded. "Okay."

As he headed back down the trail and out of the forest, I thought about something. If he could get into people's dreams, then wouldn't it be safer to do that than to meet me in person?

{Author's Note: I loved writing this chapter. This place that they go to, I dream about it all the time and I thought it would be the perfect place for Storm to dream up because it is almost the exact opposite of what she thinks herself as. Please comment and vote. :)

-Katie}

Chapter 8

Storm (Chap. 8)

Chapter 8

"Girls, we have a new mission," I told them walking into Headquarters.

LeAnn nodded, not looking away from the computer that she was typing on, and Cali's head snapped up from the picture that she was drawing. "What is it this time?" she asked.

"Something for Aquamarine, Aeroa, and Fire Storm."

LeAnn groaned, finally looking up from her typing. "Can't we do this later? Sure they don't need the Elementals now."

I laughed. "Then Aeroa and I can go. Who needs Aquamarine anyway?"

"Yeah, come on Fire Storm, we got this, it's not like she does anything anyway," Cali joked.

LeAnn groaned again and shut her laptop. "Okay, okay, I'm coming."

I smiled. "Good."

While I can fly, create force fields, put people to sleep, heal others, use super strength, astral project, use telekinesis, control fire, and jump through time, and with the natural abilities of heart people's heart beats and my advanced hearing, Cali and LeAnn didn't have as many powers. They could both fly and use telekinesis, but there similarities ended there. Cali could also control air, and had super strength, while LeAnn could control water and create a light burst which could either blind someone or serve as a flashlight.

Together, we controlled three of the five elements, thus the team name of the Elementals. Separately, I told them what I wanted each of them to do. This was

how I always did it. I only told them what I needed each of them to do for each mission and nothing more, that way, if either of them was captured, the others were still safe. I was the only one who ever knew the whole plan.

Yesterday, I had gotten information from one of my moles in Evelyn's organization. He was going to try to arrange a jail break to get some of his thugs out, of course, he wouldn't be going. They planned a massacre and then since the jail was computer operated, they planned on getting their boys out along with any other criminals they could manage to get the police off of their trail long enough to get them off of the map.

We didn't plan on getting involved with the police; they were much too nosy, but we did call them just to pick up the people that we were able to capture. I really didn't plan on catching all of them again.

"Come on, let's head out," I told them getting off of one of the couches in the control one and heading out the door. Cali followed eagerly, but still nervously, while LeAnn groaned, but eventually followed.

"Computer, lock doors," I called and the doors were then impenetrable unless one of us were to open it. "Transform," I commanded to my team.

Transforming was defiantly different. When we 'Transformed', our bodies literally changed- it wasn't shape shifting since none of us nearly that powerful, but it was close- our features of our faces changed, we could modify the length or color of our hair, we could alter our height, and we could wear whatever we imagined. When we transformed, after our first time, that was the image that we were stuck with, the only thing that we could change after that was our clothes.

The girls keep the same hair style while changing the color while I did the opposite, keep the color and change the style, all of us got taller, and we changed our features enough so that someone could study our faces for hours and when they saw the real us, they wouldn't see any similarities.

LeAnn's outfit was all blue- like the element that she commanded water- and was tight fitting pants and a long sleeve shirt that had no shoulders and dipped

down in the back. Cali's was all white- the closest that she could come to her element, air- she had a short skirt-with spandex underneath, so no one could see... well you get the point- and a strapless shirt. Mine was all black, just simple pants and a tank top. All of our outfits were easy to fight in and we each had an insignia over our left breast, the four of the five elements in a circle, the 'symbol' of the Elementals.

"Hey, Aeroa," I whispered to Cali as we took fight, me in front and both of them fling slightly behind me, "why are we called the Elementals again?" Whenever we Transformed, we always switched names so no one would ever suspect who we really were, it was confusing sometimes no calling them the names that you were used to.

"'Cause, Aqua told me to think of a name and that sounded cool for two super heroines."

I rolled my eyes. I didn't consider myself 'super' in anyway. "So in other words, it was the first and only thing that you could come up with?"

"Basically," LeAnn said before Cali could comment.

"Storm, are you sure about this," Cali asked me nervously when the prison came into sight. I was the only one who wasn't called by a different name. Cali's 'superhero' name didn't change because it was so short, but we called LeAnn Aqua because it was short for Aquamarine and me just Storm because it was short for Fire Storm.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Get into positions," I told them then flew to the door which I had seen in a vision that they were going to try to enter in. Cali bent the air around her and LeAnn so that they were invisible then she flew to the open area in the middle of the jail and LeAnn snuck inside to take position outside of the control room. Anyone who miraculously got passed me would have to go through Cali and then LeAnn to get to the control room to unlock the cells.

They planned on attacking in waves. Evelyn would first send his brutes in, then the hacker, and then finally he would have a few more of his brawns to make sure that no back up got in. I didn't see how many there were, but I knew how they planned on attacking.

I waited anxiously in the dark, my short blonde hair, which was normally long before I Transformed, was starting to fall out of my pony tail. I wanted to start pacing to calm myself, but I knew a decision like that could lead to death.

Suddenly, I felt pressure on my temple and it reminded me of three days ago when I was attacked and had first met Ray. I slowly lowered the outer shield around my mind, if this was who I thought it was, this would allow them to communicate to me but not be able to read my mind if I didn't want them to. If it wasn't, then I would have to push them out of my mind, and that wasn't exactly the easiest thing to do.

'Storm? Storm? Can you hear me?' A frantic voice asked inside my head.

I rolled my eyes. 'Calm down, Ray.'

I heard something that resembled a mental sigh. 'I thought that was you since I couldn't get a read on you. Anyway, you have to get out of there, you're in danger.'

'Hmmm,' I thought back, sarcastic now, 'I didn't know that, I just like to hang out around jail at eleven o'clock at night. How many did he send? Wait, let me rephrase that, how many have guns?' I didn't need Ray worrying about me, right now I just needed to know what I was up against.

'Fifteen total, ten have guns and another three have switchblades.'

I nodded even though he couldn't see me. 'What about the last two?'

'That's me and I am just the lookout and then the hacker.'

'Stay back,' I told him.

'What?'

'Trust me.' I may not have trusted others, but I expected them to trust me whether it was a smart move or not.

'Okay.' The thought was instantaneous and sure. He wasn't going to come if I told him to. 'But only if you keep this communication up.'

I groaned out loud. Why was there always a 'but'? 'I'll try,' I agreed, doubtfully.

Then I heard them. 'They're coming,' I mentally told my team after I had activated our communicators, 'Fifteen, mostly armed.'

'Got it, boss,' they both replied.

The heart beats came first, all male, all strong, and most going off of an adrenaline high. Great. Then I heard the whisper of booted feet on the ground and their heavy breathes. I shifted in my post and used a branch in the tree that I was in to position myself to drop at the right spot and the right time without making a noise.

The first group was a group of six guys all armed with my least favorite weapon, a gun. After being shot about ten times in less than two years, I had quite the hatred of the damned firearm. I let all of them pass me and then I fell. I leaned on the balls of my feet so I made no sound and then I took out the one in the back of the group. I used a simple pressure point, but the man fell in seconds, I caught him and lowered him to the ground.

I put two more of them to sleep using my powers. Three down, three to go. The two that I had knocked out, fell to the ground with a thump. Shit, I thought as the remaining three men trained their guns at me.

Most people would think to either sit there and pray they don't shot you or run the opposite way like a bat out of hell, I on the other hand did neither. I rushed at them, knowing full well they wouldn't shot because that would notify the guards on the inside of the prison and they would never get their 'buddies' out, and aimed a flying side at one of the men's chest. He crashed to the ground with me on top of him and the other two tried to grab me. I flipped one of them and quickly jumped off of the dude I was on so that the other man who tried to grab me would trip over him in the dark.

The three idiots swore and grumbled somethings that would get anyone in a lot of trouble if they ever repeated them and tried to circle me and force my back into the wall of the jail. I smiled; this would be more fun than I thought. I used the wall behind me to propel myself into one of them, tackling him to the

ground before hitting him on the temple and knocking him out. Four down, two to go.

I could hear them recovering and coming at me, so I rolled and gave myself distance from them. I kicked one as hard as I could in the groin and I cupped my hands and hit the other one over the ears, deafening him. He yelled out in pain and came after me, ignoring the blood that seeped from his ears. I did a front flip over him and let him run straight into the prison wall, it knocked him out could. Five down, one to go.

The last one, just recovering from his kick to his 'babies', knocked my feet out from underneath me and tried to straddle me. I hit him in the side of his neck, also rendering him unconscious. Six down, none to go. One Storm, zero Evelyn, well at least for tonight.

I took bindings out of my pocket and started to bind them up as I updated the girls. 'I took out the first group and they are tied up. I haven't spotted the next group but look-' I didn't finish my sentence, just then, I heard a loud bang, then felt pain erupt in my lower

back, and then everything went black. The last thing I heard was a male voice yelling Storm. If I was conscious enough, I would have noticed that I didn't hear it, it was actually only in my head.

{Author's Note: that took me literally all day to write, I could not concentrate, I keep trying to write, then I would get distrated and it just kept going on like that all day. Well, at least it is up now, it is 1:112 in the morning here, so I think I am going to relax a little bit before going to bed. :D Please comment and vote.

-Katie}

Chapter 9

Storm (Chap. 9)

Chapter 9

I felt a sharp pain in my side that almost sent me into tears every time that I breathed, but I was able to keep my expression peaceful as if I was still sleeping. I heard two voices out in the hallway and it sounded like they were arguing.

"If I don't operate, she could die from a lack of blood." The voice was female and she sounded genially worried.

"I don't give a damn, I only want her alive to get my revenge and then I am going to kill her anyway, it's not like it matters anyway." That voice, I knew that

cruel, deep, cold voice. My blood ran cold and I felt more fear than I ever had.

Evelyn.

It was truly him, the man that had ruined my life, almost killed the people I loved, and almost killed me.

I sucked in a breath, trying to stop my hyperventilation, when I felt the pain spread through me like wild fire again. Even though I couldn't remember how I got here, what had happened, I knew without a doubt that I had been shot. You never forgot what the pain was like, even if you had only gotten shot once, you would always remember how it felt. I had been shot more times in two years than most cops got in a life time, I really hated guns.

I had been in situations like this before, you pretended to be out cold and you lived a little longer than the idiot who is awake and struggling. I knew Evelyn, if he got his hands on me, it would be a thousand times worse than... the last time, there was no doubt that I didn't have a single chance of escaping if that happened.

I couldn't hear any heartbeats so I knew immediately that they had drugged me sometime before bringing me here.

"She isn't going to be conscious for hours," the woman continued, "if you don't let me give her a transfusion, she isn't going to live long enough for you to do whatever you want to do."

His laugh was enough to make someone's blood run cold. "Do then, I want to have some fun and I need her alive to do it. Don't put too much effort into it though; it will go it waste in a few hours after she is awake anyway."

My breathing threatened to turn into hyperventilation again. If I 'woke' up now, it was dead before the day ended, or night, I still had no clue what time it was. If I pretended to be knocked out, I still didn't have that much time. My only chance was to wait until the girl was ready for the surgery and then run; I still could be dead before the day was done.

I cleared my mind and focused only on the pain that I felt, the pain felt twice as worse, but I had to do this

in order to heal myself. The pain was unbearable and I was barely able to muffle my scream of agony. Slowly the pain lessened and eventually dimmed into a steady throbbing. I could heal anyone else so that they didn't feel any pain from the second that I starting healing them because I absorbed their pain, when I healed myself, the pain was doubled and I could never heal myself completely like I did with others.

I moved each of my muscles slightly to see which ones I could move and which ones were still hurt. If I hadn't been in the position that I was in, I wouldn't have healed myself completely, but I needed all my strength to get out and back to my team.

"Do what you need to do, I will have someone in the room with you watching your every move but do not expect help," Evelyn sneered and then I heard footsteps heading away from the room that I was in. A few seconds late I heard, "You there, guard her; if she gets out of her bindings, kill her." The first part was to the woman, the second her was talking about me.

I relaxed my muscles down again and mentally braced myself, this girl seemed very nice, but I would knock her out as painlessly as possible- and she was most likely an innocent- and then I would also have to get out of the straps that held my arms, legs, and abdomen to the table before I could take out the guard.

I heard the door open and two people in the room the door shut, I felt the cool feeling of a stethoscope on my arm and that is when I moved.

My eyes flew open and I summoned my fire so that the bindings around me were gone in a half of second. I flicked my hand towards the woman who had been taking care of me and the fifty year old woman fell to the floor unconscious, I rolled off of the bed and whirled to face my attacker.

Ray's face wide with surprise stared back at me. Then without warning, his arms were tightly around me. "Oh thank god, I thought that you were dead," he whispered.

I sat rigidly in his embrace. "I know that you said you are a 'physical' person, but if you don't let go of me,

then... you really don't want to find out what happens." Ray let of go of me, but he stayed very close, not even taking a step back. "And I wouldn't be rejoicing that I am alive yet, I still have to make it out."

He frowned as if just realizing this. "I'll help you."

As much as I wanted this- desperately wanted this- I knew my responsibilities and I also knew his. "You can't, you help me and you won't have the upper hand to get your friends out and if I get caught, you would die with me. I have to do this alone."

"No-" he started, but I cut him off.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered, then I knocked him out with my powers the same as I had done with the nurse, I caught him and then lowered him onto the ground. Now it was time for the real thing, I had about five minutes- if that- to get out of her the second that I left the room. My chances were slim and even if I didn't have drugs in my system, odds then were still on my losing.

I reached up to my ear and activated my communicator. Guys, check in!

Storm! both Cali and LeAnn yelled.

I jumped. Reunion later, tell me where you are now.

We are safe. Where are you? LeAnn returned.

Captured by Evelyn. I don't remember what happened in the events leading to my capture, but I did find out about being shot. Now what time is it?

About four in the morning, we left at even for a mission and you were shot by one of the men and you were captured and the men had fled with you, abandoning their original mission. I am so sorry that we-

Too late for regrets now, I cut LeAnn off. I need you to go to my laptop and tell me where the hell I am.

It was a short pause before she was able the tracker in my ear piece could get that information to her. Some mountain range in Washington, I think. I am not sure, I can't get a good read, but one thing is for sure, you aren't in Montana anymore.

The second that I heard that, I shut off my communicator and put a force field around me that would hopefully keep my off of the cameras lining the hall and then I ran for my life, literally.

Chapter 10

Storm (Chap. 10)

Chapter 10

Discretion wasn't as completely beyond me as I let others think. When I planned missions, I made them seem as if they were impulsive, obvious, but truthfully everything that I ever did was thought out for days on end- well as long as I had time to think about them. But today, this was one of the few times that I had ever acted without complete faith that what I was doing was going to work.

I kept my breathing as controlled as possible as I worked my way through the labyrinth that was Evelyn's stronghold. I stuck to the shadows, but it

wasn't long before I would be spotted. Evelyn was a master at psychological manipulation, thinking that if you made it seem impossible to ever get your bearings and find your way out, that you would lose your common sense and make a rash move.

I had been running for my life for two years, I knew better than do make decisions like that. If I had, I would be dead by now. I redoubled the energy in my shield so I could be sure that no cameras could see me through it, and then closed my eyes to listen to the heartbeats around me.

I swore; the anesthetic was still running thickly in my system. The nurse hadn't been able to give me the drug that reverses the affects of the sedative was still pulling on me, my vision wasn't as clear as it normally was, and I was fighting the nausea that threatened to overwhelm me. I couldn't hear heartbeats because of the drug either. Overall, I was pissed and had a very small chance of making it out of here alive. The only thing that kept me going now was my need to survive and the adrenaline running in my veins.

I clutched my stomach as I ran, even though I had healed the gunshot wound I had acquired, but since I couldn't totally heal myself, I was still in more pain than most people my age- or most ages for that fact- could handle while still staying conscious. I kept my back to the wall so that I had the lest amount of openings as possible for whoever came down the hall, the least amount of visibility that I could mange, and I was able to watch anything that was thrown at me.

I knew Evelyn as well as anyone could, I knew how he thought, and how he acted. I knew that he would have someone check my room that I had been held in before and that I had only seconds left before the whole complex knew of my escape. I also knew how the inside of any of his compounds were literally mazes, each hallway somehow made it to the center of the building, but the twists and turns it took to get there could keep even the best detained within its grasp for days.

I decided to wing it; I just took off running in a random direction and prayed like hell that I was

heading towards the exit. A loud high pitch beeping started to sound and I knew that my time was running thin. My escape was known and I didn't have long before I could get out.

I stumbled and ran into more than one wall on my way, but finally I could see the outside door, I just had to make it passed the ten thugs that blocked it, oh great.

I gritted my teeth and then I closed my eyes and created some mayhem. Red, hot fire burst to life on one of the men's jackets, causing two of the others who were close to him also start on fire.

Screams erupted- seeing grown men who were bulging with muscles almost startled me more than waking up here- and they scrambled to put the fires out before the men were severely burned.

I used the distraction to put all the strength that I had left to run passed them and use my super-powered strength the knock down the locked door and out into freedom. I heard more shouts as I took to the air, but I didn't pay them enough mind to figure out what was being said.

I dipped dangerously in the sky, almost crashing into the trees in my weakened stated, but I had to get far enough away. Thankfully, I was enough of mind to call my team. Guys, I said probably the closest thing that you could get to a mental gasp.

Storm! They both responded back instantly. Where are you?!

Somewhere in the Bitterroot Mountains, I think. I might still be in Montana, I don't know, just please, help. Since the communicators tapped into your brainwaves, it was useless to try to keep the link up because my thoughts were so jumbled together that I could barely tell them were I was.

I flew as long as I could, but it wasn't long before I was sinking closer and closer to the trees. I stopped my flight and sank slowly to the ground before I fell out of the sky. My last conscious thought was about the specks that were coming towards me.

I slowly came to consciousness and I was instantly alert. There were people just outside of my room. I couldn't hear exactly what they were saying, but

from the speed of the heartbeats, it was obvious that they were in a fight.

"Break it up before I kill the both of you!" I called without ever opening my eyes. I knew that I was back home in my room and that it was Cali and LeAnn who were arguing.

"Boss!" they both yelled and the door opened and they threw themselves at me.

My breath snagged in my throat and I stifled a groan. "Ow," I ground out.

"Oh, sorry," Cali said and LeAnn blushed, "but we were just so worried about you."

I scowled and cracked my eyes open enough to glare at her. "I would have been fine." The thing that I hated the most- well besides being shot at- was someone underestimating me. I didn't look like much, just a stupid blonde that looked as if she couldn't fight her way out of a paper bag, but I hadn't met anyone who has bested me in a hand-to-hand fight yet.

"Yeah, we know that," Cali said, "but we weren't the ones who were shot with a Glock."

"Actually it was a silenced .22, but that is as close as you are going to get."

"How the hell is I supposed to know what kinds of guns are which?" Cali asked indignant. "How do you know the difference? You absolutely hate guns."

"I didn't expect you to know the difference and I like messing with you. I also know what types are which because I have been shot so many freakin' times that I start to feel a difference. Now," I said, my voice changing tones, going from relaxed and friendly to hard and cold, my business voice, "I need to know all of what happened last night."

The girls both looked guiltily and then back at me. "What happened with you first and then we can fill you in on what you missed."

I sighed and then sat up. LeAnn looked as if she wanted to push my back on to my bed but I ignored her. "When the attack started, I took care of the first wave pretty easily, but then when I was tying them

up, I got distracted and someone in the second wave shot me down."

My team was looking at me like I grew another head. "But you don't get distracted," Cali said slowly.

"Ever," LeAnn added just as slowly.

I shrugged, hiding the pain that flashed through me even with that little movement. "I am human, I make mistakes, slip-ups. Now I need to know what happened after I was shot."

They both blinked at me, trying to wrap their heads around their infallible boss making a single mistake before Cali blinked and then explained. "When you called, you didn't finish your sentence, nor did you answer when we called you. Naturally, we freaked out and since I was closer, I flew out just far enough to see what was happening.

"I ended up seeing some man carrying you away surrounded by lots of other guys with guns and a huge hole in your chest. I told LeAnn what happened then tried to follow them but I lost them along the way and met up with LeAnn who was still at the jail

and then we went back to base. We tried to bring up your tracker, but since you are so paranoid, we couldn't get a clear reading on you.

"We had no clue where you were for about four hours until you called us on the communicator and told us that you were captured and then you almost ended up falling from the sky after you escaped."

"You were running off of adrenaline," LeAnn added, "when your rush ended, you crashed and if we hadn't seen you, we probably wouldn't have found you until you woke up again and by then you could have been recaptured. We carried you back and then it took you another five hours to wake up."

"Thanks," I told them and then tried to sit up; I had lots of work to do.

Cali ran over and shut my door and LeAnn gently pushed me back down. "Oh no you don't, you need your rest."

"No I don't," I protested despite how tempting it was to lay down and not move my sore body. "I healed myself and the only issue with me right now is blood

loss and we make more blood everyday so tomorrow I will be as good as new."

LeAnn frowned. "It doesn't exactly work like-"

"I'll be fine," I cut her off. There were some things that I had to do and I had to do them before they were too late. I could rest when everything was taken care of... too bad that it never was.

{Author's Note: they really need to get italics on here.... Well, I am sorry that my postings have been so spread out, but instead of study hall-where I did most of my writing- I have gym first hour so I can only write after all of my homework is done and on the weekends, so I can't write as much. That does not make me a very happy camper, lol. Well please vote and comment.

-Katie}

Chapter 11

Storm (Chap. 11)

Chapter 11

I grunted and rolled out of the way. "Son of a-" I didn't finish, I didn't have the breath. I dropped low and kicked my attacker in the stomach, then I twisted and kicked out his ankles from under him, he fell heavily and smacked his head on the ground with a crack, rendering him unconscious.

I rolled again and then jumped up, backfisting another in the temple, I the used my opposite foot to wheel kick him in the same spot, also knocking him out. I reached out to grab a broom that was resting on the wall and used it to hit another man in the

stomach then flipping it over my head and hitting him in the side of the neck.

Attacker after attacker came after me, I subdued them in four moves or less, rarely getting hit myself and trying to use as little energy as I could. The broom whipped around me, cutting the air and those who were after me, I became so lost in the natural movements of my body, that I was inches away from hitting LeAnn when she came up beside me.

"Le! I could have killed you!"

She raised her eyebrow at me, but her face was still smooth, devoid of most emotions. "You wouldn't have. You can't. Out of all the thousands of things that you are, a killer is not one of them." Someone came up behind her and I brought my improvised bow staff down onto his head over hers. "Thanks," she said absently. "Now, turn off the hologram. You have been in here for only a half an hour and you have taken down at least a hundred men, you've trained enough."

I glared at her for a second and then snapped my fingers, my world literally dissolving around me. "I

haven't trained enough, if I had, then I never would have been caught by Evelyn's men. I need to work harder; I refuse to let him see me that weak ever again. I can't let that happen, I would much rather die."

She gasped and this time her face did show emotion, anger. "We won't let that happen. You don't have to do this all on your own, Storm, let us help you, let us in," she pleated.

I felt my face go completely blank, showing fewer emotions than she had. "LeAnn, this is something that I have to do by myself. Evelyn is my past, my pain, the one who killed me and left this doll in my place. It is his fault that I can't feel, that I can't trust, that I can't live a normal life. I have to do this by myself, I will, even if it was the last thing that I do."

LeAnn reached out to me and I took a step back. "Then let us help."

I knew the offer was tempting, but LeAnn and Cali were the two people in the world who I needed, who I couldn't live without, I couldn't, no matter how much I wanted to, to put them in more danger than

necessary. "I need to do this on my own, all the way through. We may have our fights, but it's my war, I can't drag you into that." And with that, I turned away from her, shutting the hologram projector completely off. "Lock up," I called and then headed out the door of our headquarters and taking a running start so that I could get up into the air.

I knew where I was flying, but no one else knew. It was one of the places where I could truly be alone. I had found it a few days ago, but I had already scouted the area and was sure that it was secure; it was also inexpiable to anyone who didn't have powers, so I was, for the most part, safe.

I landed in a meadow and slowly looked around. The place took my breath away every time that I saw it, it took my breath away. It was almost an exact replica of my dream that I had had before. There was a meadow filled with flowers that lead into a waterfall, the only difference was that this waterfall was much smaller and there was a stream running off of the small like that the water fall emptied into.

I flew over to a rock the over hung the water near where the waterfall was- but not close enough to get soaked- and took off my shoes to sick my feet into the warm water. I sighed and leaned back. It was the most relaxation that I had gotten in a long time. I had just gotten shot and escaped from Evelyn just barely a week before, but now the only thing that I had left from the whole experience was a small circular scar that was barely noticeable from the bullet wound that I had suffered from and the over lying sense of terror from that whole meeting that just wouldn't leave me.

I had spent most of the last week training, a little bit of time making sure that the mission that we had been on when I had been captured wasn't a complete failure- which it wasn't because no prisoners had gotten out and the men that I had taken out were added to that category-, using records from our trackers to find where exactly I had been the whole week, and then- for a few hours- recovering.

Being anywhere Evelyn always messed me up always made me think of the past, of when I was weak, of

when he broke me. Without warning and not being able to stop it, I was swept back by my memories.

"Anastasia, Anastasia Storm, right?" I had looked up room where I had been crying in a back ally up at the man who was standing above me and blinked. He was older, about my parent's age, which was about forty, and had graying hair and black eyes. "That's your name, is it not?" he asked, smiling kindly.

I nodded. "Ye-yeah, that's m-me. Who-who are you?"

"My name's Evelyn, it is very nice to meet you, Anastasia." He held out his hand to me and I took it, letting him help me up. He smiled at me and whipped the tears from my face. "I have been looking for you, but first, why are you crying?"

The man was just so kind to me that I had to answer. "Well, I think there is something wrong with me and I am just so afraid. I want to be normal again!"

"Now, what are you afraid of?" The man, Evelyn, was just so kind to me, so gentle, that I didn't even protests when he took my hand and started to lead me down the street.

I shook my head and turned my wide hazel eyes up to his black ones. "My mom says that I shouldn't talk to strangers."

"But I am not a stranger; I am a friend of your father, Jason. How else would I know your name?"

I was eleven then, I was so sheltered that that logic made perfect sense to me and I believed him. I had found out later just how much I had been played. "I can't tell you what I am afraid of, you won't believe me."

He smiled- this time it was cruelly, but that had been lost on me-and pulled me to sit down on a park bench that I hadn't realized we had walked to. "I will believe you, there is nothing that you could tell me that I wouldn't believe. Well, maybe if you told me you were a vampire; you're not a vampire, are you?" When I shook my head, he continued. "Then I think that I can believe you, now what is it?"

"I-I-" I took another deep breath to stop my tears and continued, "I am turning into a freak... I-I flew and-and I made things move without even touching them,

I moved them with my mind! I-" the rest of what I was saying was lost in my tears.

"Shhh, shhh, it's alright, Anastasia," he slowly took me into his arms and held onto my while I cried. He was silent until my tears quieted. "You're not turning into a freak, you have been blessed. That is why I have been looking for you. My... friends have gifts just like you. If you come with me, we can teach you to control your gifts."

I looked up at him. "So this is normal?"

His lips twitched. "Yes, Anastasia, it is. Will you come with me?"

"Do I need anything?" I asked, relieved that there was nothing wrong with me after all.

"No, you don't. We will just need your help with some things in the future, but today, you don't need anything."

"Okay." And with that, he smiled and led me to where my life would change forever.

I ripped myself away from the memories with a gasp. Evelyn had been kind to me for those first few months, so kind that I believed he was the good guy. I was eleven then, but I am thirteen now, and I am still paying for that mistake I had made that day by following him.

I felt tears stream down my face. I hadn't cried in two years, because I found them a great weakness, but now that I started, I didn't seem able to start. Heart wrench sobs tore themselves from my chest and I just curled up, trying to hold myself together.

"Storm?" I heard a familiar voice ask in the distance. I heard it, but there was nothing I could do to either move or acknowledge them. I suddenly felt a hand rubbing my back and then I felt myself being pulled into a strong set of arms.

"Leave me alone, Ray," I gasped and tried to get out of his grip.

His hold tightened and he merely rested his face in my hair until I was able to get control of myself again. "What were you thinking of," he whispered, "I

felt your pain, it was nearly overwhelming- and I was trying to block you out!"

"The day that I got into this whole mess." My normal walls that I hid behind to be so emotionless, detached, had come crashing down around me and I couldn't even lie to him or hold back any of my answers.

"What mess?"

"The day that Evelyn tricked me into joining him and all the physical and mental abuse that I have suffered since them. It is all because of him that I am fighting to be good right now, the evil side that he had raised in me is starting to come out and it terrifies me."

"Maybe I never should have asked you to help me," he murmured absently.

My lips tightened into a hard line and I lifted my face off of his chest to look at him. "Ray, this is something that I need to do. I am not usually this weak. I have to get back at him for all the things that he has done, not to me, but millions of people and I am not going to let you stop me. So I can either have your help and

get your friends out or I can defeat him by myself and still get your friends out. Your choice, either way, I get your friends out and take Evelyn down."

Ray gave me a long considering look. "You will never admit to needing someone, will you? Anyway, I am helping you and don't think that you can get away without me helping." He leaned back against the rocks and stretched his feet out over the edge so that they rested in the water. "So, how did you find my secret hide out anyway?"

I blinked and looked up at him. "Excuse me?"

He motioned around with his hand all around us. "This place. How did you find it, I have been coming here for years and you are the first one that I have ever seen here." He opened his eyes just enough so that he could watch me through a tiny slit.

"I-I saw it in a dream," I said and blushing thinking of how much I sounded like a Disney movie.

For a second, I could have sworn that I saw his lips tug up into a smile, but in the next moment, there

was no trace of amusement in his face. "What happened in that dream?"

"I went swimming," I said slowly. Not wanting to admit that he had been in that dream.

"What else?" he pressed and I suddenly remembered his ability to enter and control other people's dream and I started to wonder if he was setting me up.

"I got a massage from the waterfall, it was wonderful." I sighed, just remembering that. I felt a slight pressure on my temple and I smiled. "Why are you trying to read my mind? I told you the dream, what more do you want?"

He studied me again. He muttered something that sounded like "more than I am getting," and then closed his eyes again.

I smirked and stood up. "Well, nice talkin' to ya," I said and then dived into the water.

When I came up, he was whipping water off of his face and glaring at me. Without another word, I dunked back under the water and swam away from him. There was something about Ray that made me

nervous, on top of that, I had just balled my eyes out in front of him, so I didn't really want to stay around him any longer than necessary and make an even bigger fool out of myself.

I came back under the cover of the water fall and gasped in air. Suddenly, I was yanked backwards and I gasped. "Oh, so you think that you can get away from me that easy?" Ray growled playfully into my ear.

I struggled against his hold, but he just pulled me back so that my back was pressed against his chest. I tried to wiggle; I didn't really move that far. I was stuck unless if I wanted to hurt him to get free and in this case, I would rather not hurt someone who I considered an ally. "Let go, Ray," I said firmly, in warning.

He laughed. "I swear that you are bipolar, you go from crying, to teasing, to pissed off. And, I'm not letting you go, this is the first time that I have been able to talk to you since you knocked me out back at Evelyn's, which I wanted to talk to you about anyway."

I sighed. I was only acting bipolar because when I lost my emotional shields and broke down crying, I have been trying to get them back up and that isn't exactly working all that well. "I had to knock you out, if I hadn't, they would have known that you were working with me and your cover would have been blown and I wouldn't have someone on the inside that could get to your friends." Actually I did, but he didn't need to know that.

I felt his arms loosen in surprise and I used that moment to slip out of them. "I still could have help," he mumbled, looking down, "I could have said that you brain washed me of something like that."

I smiled, it wasn't a mean smile, but one of the truest ones that I had in a long time. "I am not like other girls, I don't need protecting. I can take care of myself."

His head was still turned the water, but he looked up at me. "Is that why you were crying? Because you are just doing so well on your own? You may not need help, but you can still let people help you. I know all about what Evelyn did to you, I was working

undercover for him, I know that you are the only one who has ever made it out from working with him alive and I know why you hate him. But, you're not the only one who has a reason to hate him. It is because of him that my mom is dead, so I have the same drive as you to give the bastard just what he deserves. I know some things that you don't know or any of the people that you have on the inside- yeah, I know about them too- so like it or not, you need me in this."

I blinked. He seemed to be the only one who could ever surprise me, who knew things that I didn't; I didn't like it all that much. "So what do you know?" I asked raising my chin arrogantly to hide what I was feeling.

He smiled and dipped back under the water and popped back up so that he was on the other side of the waterfall. "Nope."

"What?! But I am helping you!" I tried to keep the pleading note out of my voice, but I flinched when it shown anyway.

"Nope," he repeated. "If you know, then I am gone, you won't need me anymore."

I groaned and then I quickly swum after him. He was just getting out of the water by our shoes when I caught up to him. "Come on, Ray. You need to tell me, the whole operation could change if you tell me. Plus, even if you do tell me, you would see me again."

He smirked. "Yeah, I know that I would," he said, ignoring everything that I said except for the last sentence, "I know where you go when you need to be alone. I have to go. I'll see you again soon. Bye, Storm," he said and started to take off running fast than the speed of sound.

I was muttering when I got out of the water and started to put my shoes back on. Most of the time, I was emotionless, but there was something about Ray that just got under my skin. Rarely some one ever saw me with my shields down, but no one has seen me cry in two years, not since that day, and here comes Ray and sees them both at the same time.

He may have been innocent- in more than one way- but to me, he was more dangerous than even the

most skilled assassin. I had to start watching my back around him or I may not be breathing that much longer.

{Author's Note: This would have to be my favorite story on here because it is the most natural for me to write-even though it does not seem to really be anyone's favorite, but who cares?- and I can actually picture everything that is happening inside of my head, which I can't for some of my stories. I also added a song that i felt that went with the chapter. Well, please comment and vote. :D

-Katie}

Chapter 12

Storm (Chap. 12)

{Author's Note: I personally, love this chapter. I think that it capture's Storm's essence and explains a little of why she is the way that is is. I know that it i a little confusing with going from time to time, but if you see anyway for me to change that, please tell me.

-Katie :D}

Chapter 12

"Ileana, you are going to get yourself killed!"

She looked over at me and sighed. "Relax, Anastasia, I'll be fine. Plus, if I fall, you can always fly up here and save me."

I eyed the ten foot wall again and then looked up at my friend. "I can't control my powers very well, you know that."

"You could do it, I trust you. That and you would never let your best friend die, I would come back and haunt your ass for all of eternity and that would be worse than not saving me."

"Just get down and we won't have to worry about that and besides, I have to go to Evelyn's soon anyway."

She groaned and then jumped onto a tree to get back onto the ground. "You are such a worrywart.... Anyway, will I ever get to see this mysterious Evelyn that you always talk about?"

I sighed as she jumped down beside me and we headed from the park back to my house. "He says that he doesn't want anyone to come with me, he is worried that they might lead the bad guys to him."

"That sounds a little weird, Anastasia," Ileana said, skipping in front of me, her brown hair glinting red in the bright summer sun.

"I know, but I trust him. He is like a father to me, a real one, not like the one I have."

She frowned. "I know that your parents aren't around a lot, but they still love you, Ana."

My lip wobbled and I turned my face down. "The only thing they ever gave me was my last name and worthless toys that meant nothing to them except for a way to keep me out of their hair."

"That's not true," she started the same argument that we always did when the subject of my parents were brought up, but suddenly she stopped and I nearly ran into her.

"Ah, what was that for Ileana," I grumbled because when I tried to stop walking, I had tripped.

"What are you going to do with your powers," she asked out of the blue, "I mean if someone was like in trouble or something like that?"

I frowned. "I never thought about it."

"I think that you would do whatever you could to save them."

I looked away again. "I would be way too scared."

"No, I don't think that you would. You would save the innocents."

"Innocents?" I asked, confused.

"The people in trouble, the good people."

"I don't that I could do it, I am not that brave."

"Yes, you co-" Many things seemed to happen at once. A shot rang our. Glass shattered. Ileana jerked back and fell onto the ground. Screams erupted.

I dropped to the ground and curled into a ball. "Ileana!" I wailed, "what's happening?" Alarms now added to all of the noise.

She coughed and I crawled over to her, red spurted out of her mouth. "I've... been... shot," she gasped out.

I saw the growing red spot on her white shirt, but I didn't want to believe it, I couldn't believe it. I was too shocked, too confused, too scared to understand what was going on right away. After a moment, I whipped off my overshirt and pressed it to where she was bleeding just like I saw in all of those movies.

"Don't you dare die on me, Ileana Preston, don't you dare leave me! I need you!"

She coughed again. "Save... the... innocents," she gasped. She didn't talk ever again... or breathe.

"I will," I vowed. There was another sound from the inside of the bank and my head jerked up. At that moment, I stared straight into the eyes of the man who killed my best friend. I stared straight into Evelyn's eyes.

He had gotten away before I could do anything, then the police and medics showed up, so I couldn't use any of my powers. I had learned later that we had been caught in the middle of a bank robbery and Ileana had taken a stay bullet to the chest and died of a combination of blood loss and trauma long before she could get any help.

I had always thought that before then, my life had ended when I got the Curse the day that I turned eleven, but the truth was that I lost my life the same that the only person that I truly loved lost her life by the man that I had trusted without a doubt.

After that, I had tried to stay away from Evelyn, but the day after Ileana's funeral, one of Evelyn's men came to my house and took me back to Evelyn's base. I kicked and screamed, but I couldn't fight my way free. They took me into an area that I had never been allowed into before and locked me into a jail cell looking thing.

Evelyn had tried to convince me that he was still the good-guy and that I had everything wrong, but I had just looked up at him with bleary eyes and told him to go to hell. He'd laughed and said he was already there before he ordered his men to 'break' me.

The torture had gone on for three days before I lost it. I don't remember much of what they actually did to me. I remember the pain, I remember the screaming and crying, and I remember what they said to me, but not much else.

The night of the third day, I am not sure that exactly caused it, but my powers had... taken over me and I woke up a half a mile away from the barest remains of what had been the compound.

After that-

"Storm!"

I forcibly jerked myself away from my memories. "Yeah, Cali?"

"What were you thinking about? You're face went completely blank."

"That's new?" I asked, raising my eyebrow at her.

"Not really, but I still want to know that you are thinking about."

"My past," I said without any inflictions.

Cali's mouth dropped open and LeAnn's book fell from her fingers onto my bedroom floor. "What?!" they both asked in unison.

I leaned back on my bed. "I got here the normal way, you know? I was born so that kind of constitutes that I grew up and had a past."

They still gaped at me. "But I have known you for two years and you haven't even had a passing comment about your past in any of that time," LeAnn said.

"My past," I said slowly, as if testing out the words, "was...brutal, traumatic, however you want to

describe it, but it made me who I am. It is because of my past that I have to fight that evil part of me that is always so close to getting out. It's the reason why I know Evelyn like I do."

Cali tilted her head, totally forgetting about the magazine in her lap. "I've always wondered about that."

"I never wanted to do what I do now, but I have no choice. I give my word to my best friend who was killed by Evelyn."

"What?" Cali squeaked.

"My best friend, she died in my arms. That was the last day I worked for Evelyn."

Both of them looked speechless, after a moment, LeAnn was able to get a semblance of composure. "You worked for Evelyn?"

"Yeah, for six months after I turned eleven. He tricked me into thinking he worked for the FBI and had me creating weapons for them and letting them do research on my powers. I've always been a scientist, he found out that having me do something

that I was familiar with was the only way to keep me with them, that and they got new, high-tech weaponry."

"No one's ever worked for Evelyn and got out alive," Cali stated.

"I did, he tortured me for days and I got out because my powers went into overload and I took down the whole building. After that, I trained in every martial arts known in this time and quite a few from different times for the next six months."

"Didn't you give yourself time to recuperate from the torture?" Cali asked.

My eyebrows furrowed as I thought. "No, looking back I should have, but I was too scared, determined, and pissed off to think about it."

"That explains a lot," they both said at the same time.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

LeAnn spoke up. "Why you are they way you are. Why you have issues trusting anyone- even us- why you always go the extra mile to find someone in

trouble and why you wouldn't have given up by now. If I were in your shoes, I would have given up a long time ago."

I kept my expression blank, but I shifted my eyes away. "No, you wouldn't have." I am sure that they would have commented in some way, but my watched beeped. "Bank robbery on Down Street," I said after I read the information that popped up on the hologram projector.

Cali groaned. "We're not done with this."

I smirked. "Says you. Let's head out!"

I transformed, put an invisible shield around me so no one could see me jumped out my window. "Yeah, I do," Cali muttered and did the same.

"You're sitting," Cali growled.

I rolled my eyes. "It's just a scratch."

"You're shot in the arm!"

I looked over at her from bandaging my arm. "That's nothing new, plus, I can lose more than forty percent

of my blood and not die, I can lose about sixty percent, so I am good."

"You are a freak of nature," she murmured.

"You know," I said with amusement, "if you don't want to stay here, you can go back home, I will stay with our friend Mr. Bankrobber/ Idiot." At the moment, Cali and I were waiting outside of the bank for the police to arrive and pick up the bank robber that we apprehended and had unconscious. LeAnn had to race back and bet her parents home so it was only us two now.

"They will be here any minute anyway." As she said it, sirens came on in the distance.

"Mhm," I sighed and closed my eyes, refusing to let the memories come.

"Why do you always do that?"

My eyes opened. "Do what?"

"Close your eyes after a bank robbery."

"That's where my friend was shot, at a bank robbery. Let's go," I said, cutting her off as the police stopped

their cars in front of us. A police officer nodded as us as well took off flying over their heads.

"Duck," the old man said again. I did, and I was hit in the head, again. "You do not duck right. Do not lose eye contact with opponent."

I growled. "I didn't."

"If you had, American, you never would have gotten hit."

The young monk I was fighting came at me again, and I ducked, then went to the ground and knocked his feet out from under him. He grunted as he fell heavily to the ground. "There?! Are we done now, Sensei?"

Sensei Wei considered it. "Yes, American, you may go to bed now."

"My name is Storm, Sensei," I reminded him, struggling to keep from growling that too. Something about this little eighty-five year old Chinese man got on my nerves, maybe it was that even though he was old, he could beat me in a fight at any time.

"It is whatever I wish to call you, American, now go and get your rest, we start at dawn tomorrow."

"After three months of weird people, you'd think I would be used to this," I muttered to myself as I made my way back to my room. My room was barren except for my suitcase in a corner and a sleeping mat in the middle of the floor. Nearly as empty as I feel, I thought in desolation. Ever since Ileana- I stopped, I couldn't let myself think about that, I wouldn't be able to stop the tears if I did.

It had taken me until the day after I had destroyed Evelyn's base before I realized what I had to do. I had to learn how to fight and keep my promise to Ileana... even if it killed me.

If I wasn't already dead. That thought whispered though my head all of the time. The day Ileana died, she took a piece of me with her. I breathed, I talked, I moved, but I didn't feel, I didn't really live, I just went though the motions.

Sometimes, I could hear her voice in my head and even though it made no sense, I thought that when she died and took a part of me with her, I took a part

of her with me. She doesn't talk to me in conversation, but she gives me pieces of advice, advice that I take to heart and do no matter what is said.

Get out of here, her voice whispered in my head now.

My eyes popped open and I jumped up and threw the few things that weren't in my suitcase into it and threw that onto my shoulder.

Be careful, they're here.

My breath caught in my throat. "They" could only be one person, Evelyn was almost here with his Trackers. I heard footsteps running down the hall and I pressed myself the wall behind my closed door. I didn't even dare to breathe.

"Check in all of the room," Evelyn's voice rang out and shivers ran down my spin.

"There is no American girl here," Sensei's voice said calmly.

"I will be the judge of that, old man," Evelyn returned.

Out the window.

I walked forward as silently as I could and opened the window as she said. I was just outside the window and in the safety of the night when the door to my room crashed in.

That was close, I thought to Ileana, whether she could hear me or not, thanks.

I moved on to another martial arts after that in another country, then left within two weeks. That is what I did for the next three months, went to a new place, learned as much of their fighting style as possible and then disappeared without a trace.

Stories of Storm circulated. She was like a ghost, she came and went without anyone seeing her and wherever she went, crime bosses went down. My name was whispered all around the world as I learned. Everywhere that I learned to fight, I kept my promise to Ileana, I saved the innocents.

Someone is coming, her voice whispered to me now.

I jackknifed off of my bed. After Cali and I had left the robbery, we had both gone home and into bed

since it had been nine at night. Now it was midnight and I was messing around with a new hologram machine. I took my knife out the sheath on my leg and pressed myself against the wall beside my window.

Do not attack.

I paused, completely taken off guard. My voice had never told me not to fight someone before. Before I could regain my composure, a shape flew to my window, opened it, and slipped in side.

"Storm?" came a whisper in the darkness.

"Ray," I said out loud, "what the hell are you doing here?" I hadn't seen him for three days, the last time was up at the waterfall.

He jumped and spun around to face me. "Are you trying to make me wet myself?"

I considered it. "Maybe. It would be funny." I walked over to my bed and sat down again. When I moved my stuff onto a hidden storage unit in my wall, I patted the now vacant spot. "Sit." He did. "Now why are you here?"

"I had to see you."

I raised my eyebrow. "Why?"

"I-I'm not sure."

Hold your tongue.

Even though I didn't want to, I bit back the comment that I was about to say. "Are you alright?"

He shook his head. "You were tortured by Evelyn five different times," he chocked out.

I kept my flinch to myself. "Yeah, so what. How'd you find that out anyway?"

"His files. Storm, you-you were," he broke off and reached for me. Before I could react, I was folded tightly in his arms. I was about to yank myself away from him, but then I realized that he was shaking. "You were nearly killed."

"Yes, many times," I said gently, having no clue why I felt tender towards him.

"You had to go through that."

"Yes. But I'm fine now, I'm alive." I felt uncomfortable, ever since my best friend had died, no one had ever held me.

Don't push him away, Ileana's voice whispered to me, you may not think so now, but you need him.

I closed my eyes... then I did what she said and let Ray hold me.

Chapter 13

Storm (Chap. 13)

Chapter 13

It was twelve-thirty when Ray finally calmed down enough to fall asleep. From his reaction to my torture, I figured that he had been tortured himself at one time because of the sheer *depth* of his feelings. No one could possibly understand what one went through when they were submitted to such helplessness.

I planned on moving to the spare room and letting Ray sleep in my room, but the second that I tried on slipping out of his arms, his hold actually *tightened* . I knew many ways of getting out of someone's hold

because of all my martial arts, but none that wouldn't wake him up.

Then don't, Ileana's voice whispered.

What do you mean? I thought back, utterly confused.

You need him, don't push him away now.

Push him away? Need him? I don't need anyone.

Underneath the scorn, I was terrified. Despite what Ileana said, if I needed someone, that could very well kill me. Or them. People like me couldn't get close to others for more than one reason. When you needed someone, that made you weak. If someone got close to me, that would put them under even more danger than just knowing me, they would be tortured even more ruthlessly for information on me. Then there was the most important reason, I was evil, no matter how much I tried to hide it, tried to fight it. No one like that deserved the comfort of others, they deserved to die alone.

You're not evil. It was Ileana's voice, but this time it wasn't my voice that was talking to me, it was part of a memory.

“I wish I could just take this all away, Ilie.”

“Take what away?” she asked with out even looking up form her book.

“My powers! I hate them! They make me feel… tainted, evil.”

Now she did look up… to roll her eyes. “Ana, you’re an idiot. You’re not evil. How many times do I have to say it?”

I shifted my eyes away from the intense look in hers. “Glad that you are so sure about that. It-it just feels so wrong.”

“Ana! It is natural, at least for you. We went through the dairies, your family has had powers for over three thousand years, so that makes it natural.”

I stood up and started pacing around my room. “I-I just can’t think that it was, I’m sorry, but as long as I live, I don’t think that I’ll be able to get over that fact.” When she didn’t say anything, I stopped my pacing and sat down heavily on my bed, playing with my necklace. Sarah’s necklace, the one that gave me my powers.

“If you hate your powers so much, then why do you keep that?”

“It’s not like destroying it will do any good,” I whispered.

“It’s the same with your powers. Whining won’t do you any good, you just have to live with them.”

I closed my eyes. “Okay, Ileana, I am going to listen to you, I just hop you’re right.”

“I am, Anastasia, I always am.”

“I’m not so sure, Ileana,” I whispered now.

“Who’s Ileana?” Ray asked sleepily, just waking up.

“A friend.”

Ray’s eyes opened and he sat up, letting go of me. “Am I just blind or is there no one here?”

I felt an unwilling curve my lips. “She’s not here. It’s just us.”

He rubbed his eyes. “Then I am confused.”

“I was responding to a memory. She was killed by Evelyn when I first got my powers, I can still hear her

talking to me sometimes-" I broke off. Here I was, telling some guy I barely knew about my past.

And I never talked about my past.

I jumped off of the bed. "You should go." Thankfully my voice didn't waver.

"Storm-" Ray stood up and came slowly towards me.

"No!" I yelled, suddenly terrified. Something I haven't been in years.

His eyes drew together. "Are you alright?"

"Yes! No! I don't know! Just leave!"

"But-"

I looked at him with pleading eyes. "Please. You can come back later but just leave now!"

He looked torn. "I'll be back tomorrow night," he said firmly, then slipped out the door and was gone.

I started to pace, too shook up to realize that I was shaking. As a general rule, my past was off limits to everyone, for both person reasons and safety reasons. If I told them of my past, they would be put

in danger. And if I told anyone, I could very well lose my sanity-again- for reliving that and they would look at me with pity, I couldn't handle that. Ileana was the memory that I hid the most, she meant everything to me, even after she died and if I told someone about her… well I just felt like I was betraying her somehow, that what happened because of me was some private moment between us.

And I nearly told Ray all about us.

Ana, you didn't listen to me, Ileana chided me.

I closed my eyes, for the first time ever trying to block her out. *I couldn't- can't listen to you, you know that I can't. You want me to not push him away, I just can't let someone close to me. He's good, pure, I just can't taint him anymore with my evil than I could with Cali or LeAnn.*

Even though her voice was just in my head, I could almost feel her glaring at me. *You are not evil!* Every word was sharp with her utter fury. *You are a good person, why can't you realize that?! Anyway, you'll have to let him in, if you don't people will die.*

I froze, my comment dying. *What do you mean?* I asked slowly, a cold dread settling in my stomach even as a terror that was worse than what I felt when I had almost told Ray of my past began to wash over me.

I can't tell you of the future, you know that. She paused for a second. *But if you continue to push him away, the result will be the loss of innocents.*

My panic went sky high and I saw the dark room swirl around me before I fainted.

"What's wrong with you today?" Cali asked cautiously as her and LeAnn watched me train. "You are in a worse mood than normal."

I hit another "hologram" and the men hit the floor on the first punch and didn't move, knocked out cold. I spun around and hit yet another in the gut with a side kick. Every move was a knock out, every one that came at me in an endless stream was on the ground in mere seconds. "Had a bad night," I said tonelessly.

“Yeah, sure. You have a bad night most nights, what happened last night that was so much worse.” Her expression became panicked. “Did someone get killed?”

I shook my head. “No.”

“Then did someone try to kill you while you were sleeping?”

“Yes and no.” Emotionally? Yes. Physically? No.

“How can it be yes and no?” LeAnn asked in her slow, intelligent voice. “Either someone tries to kill you or they don’t.”

“He didn’t try to kill me with a knife, just with what we talked about.”

“Who is he?” Cali asked confused but I knew that LeAnn knew, she had a self-contented look in her eyes like she knew who had come over and she had planned it herself.

“Ray,” she told Cali.

“Why would he come over?” Cali asked, a lot more confused.

“He found out my little play times with Evelyn. Apparently he found out that I was tortured five times by him from Evelyn’s file and it really shook him up. He was… for a lack of a better verb, freaking out.”

“So how did he almost kill you?” Still confused.

“I don’t talk about my past and I don’t do well reliving it.” That was sort of the truth, not exactly why *I* freaked out, but they didn’t need to know that.

“So what did you do?” For as much as LeAnn tried to hide it, the hint of her smile still broke through her control.

I glared at her, still training, but answered her question anyway. “He was emotionally drained so he slept it off for about a half an hour then he left.” Actually, I freaked out, and then made him leave.

Her eyes glittered, the damned girl knew saw more than she should when it came to connections between people. “So you what? Calmed him down? How?”

I froze for a second in my training and got knocked to the ground. I shot back up and knocked the guy across the room with my powers. I didn't answer.

LeAnn giggled, absolutely giddy that I wasn't as solitary as they had always though. She was always worried on how if anyone- except for them at times- showed any warmth towards me, I would completely withdraw.

"Wait, what happened?" Cali whispered to her.

"She let Ray hold her. It was probably more for his benefit than hers."

"So you let basically a stranger hug you but you won't let us?" Cali teased, pretending to be outraged.

"Don't push your luck," I hissed as she took a step towards me.

She laughed. "I knew I liked that guy from the beginning, I know why that I like him now. You two are a good couple."

I froze and I was knocked in the head. I turned off the hologram machine with a button on my watch. “What did you say?” I asked dangerously.

She took an automatic step back. “That- never mind.”

From her expression, I knew that my own was murderous, but there wasn’t much that I could do about it. Dating wasn’t at all possible for me and I still whole-heartedly believed that love mad you weak, even the thought that I would possibly let myself become so weak infuriated me. I turned away, horrified that I had ever looked at her like that. “Don’t worry about it.” Despite how I felt, my voice showed none of that, it was calm. “Well that is not happening. I-” my watch when off, interrupting me. I looked down at it ridiculously thankful. “Gang attack in sector A6. Guns shots and possible raping if they get the chance.”

They nodded and ran out of our headquarters. I took a half a second longer to lock up the place and threw shield of invisibility around us before one of us even set a foot out the door.

When I took flight, I felt a tinge of fear, when this was done, I would have no distractions from the memories and I could practically feel the memories of my tortures trying to push to my frontal lobes and take over me. I gritted my teeth and pushed even that thought of my mind for now I would deal with it when I had the time.

The knife was biting into my skin again. I didn't scream anymore, I knew that it was useless and I didn't even think that I could anymore, my voice had been strained a lot in the last six hours. I lost so much blood that I felt like I floating, but not enough to kill me or make me pass out just yet. The pain had left me a few minutes ago, my mind had just separated from my body. The bastards above me were laughing like maniacs, but as I now stopped whimpering, their amusement died a little.

"What is it, little girl? You starting to like it now?"

Despite the lack of pain and the floating feeling, I still felt emotion. I bared my teeth at him. "Maybe. What'ca gonna do about it?" I spit some blood out of my mouth then set it on fire with the little power that

I had. Just because I was in this situation didn't mean that I would going to give them any of my DNA.

His eyes brightened, gleefully catching my lie. "Well I always thought of myself as a gentleman so I think that I will give you a little more of what you like, baby."

My hands twitched but I couldn't even use my telepathic powers since they were incased in plaster. Instead of the fire of pain, I felt a curious cold start to envelope me. One that wouldn't leave me even after I was gone from here.

My tears were gone, even as they hit me again and again. I had cried them all when Ileana had been killed seven days ago and then I lost the rest three days ago at her funeral. Now? I didn't care, I didn't feel.

"I wish we would have saved her friend, too. She would have been more fun."

For the first time in my life, I was consumed by anger. They had no write to talk about Ileana, hell, then had no write to even *think* about her. My fire power

flared then burst out of me and started to consume the room.

The two men yelled in surprise and dropped whatever they had in their hands before they ran from the room. My bindings, both the plaster on my hands and the metal strapping down my wrists and feet disappeared when the heat became more than they could handle.

I gasped and jerked up so fast that I nearly fell off of the couch. We only had two bathrooms at our headquarters so I had been waiting for Cali and LeAnn to finish taking a shower before I fell asleep.

I forced my breathing to even out and my heart to slow using a meditation that I had learned in the 1000's. That was one of the few times that I was truly glad for Jumping, where I was in that time just happened to be peaceful. For once.

When I opened my eyes again, I was back in control. I sat up achingly, since one of my ribs were broken just as I head LeAnn finishing up in the bathroom, she walked out just as I was steady on my feet.

“You look like shit,” she told me.

“And you’re starting to talk like Cal.”

She shrugged. “Anything I can help with?”

I gave her the answer that she expected me to say, not the one that she hoped for. “No, I got it. And no, I am not healing myself.”

“You should,” she mumbled. “By the way, the shower’s open.” She just watched me as I began to walk away. “Storm?”

I looked back at her.

“You should really listen to Ileana.” She walked away ignoring my utterly shocked expression.

Chapter 14

Storm (Chap. 14)

Chapter 14

Get out.

I was jerked out of sleep, but I was careful not to make any betraying movement that I was up, not making that rooky mistake. I listened for any heartbeat that was present in the house, but mine was the only one that I heard.

I rolled silently out of bed and stayed well under the view of my window as I hid behind my bed, hidden from someone seeing me whether they came in through my door or my window. I was ready for any attack.

Get out, Ileana repeated.

I can handle this, I mentally growled at her.

No, you can't, get out now, or you won't be leaving here alive.

I wanted to argue, this was someone coming after me in *my* house, this wasn't something I was going to let go. But, as much as I wanted pay back, I knew that I had to listen to Ileana, as much as I hated to listen to her sometimes, she was never wrong.

I closed my eyes again and widened my range for hearing heartbeats. There were at least six going on an adrenaline high heading towards the front door of my house. I could most likely easily handle them, but not without the risk of exposure. I opened my window just wide enough so that I could slip through it before I slide it shut so that only an inch was left open.

I moved into a tree that was in the yard, it was far enough from the window that they wouldn't be able to see me through the leaves, but close enough that I

would be able to see and hear what was happening in there.

They were all men, all very muscular, all armed to the teeth. One of them swore. “She’s not in here.”

Another one smacked him in the back of the head. “Well thanks for that, Einstein, let me guess, your next observation is going to be that she heard us coming?”

The first one to talk growled. “Shut up, kid, you’re lucky that I haven’t wrung your neck already.”

Another one, one that had been haphazardly searching my room, stopped in his ineffectual search to glare at both of them. “You idiots, stop fighting and look for it, that drive has to be here somewhere. Evelyn will kill all of us if we don’t find it, she took information out of our computers, if we don’t get it back…. Just start looking!”

I rolled my eyes. They weren’t going to find it. On Sarah’s necklace, since I always had it with me, I created a bug that once I activated it by touch, it would find the closest computer system, and then

take everything off of that computer and moving into a storage chip that I hid on the back of the stone of my necklace. I never went anywhere without it, so their search of my room would give them nothing, they wouldn't even be able to find my weapons. I never hid anything in my room that I didn't want my parents to ever see unless it was completely unable to get into with out my specific genetic code. These idiots were too stupid to end up close enough to my hiding places to even *try* getting into them.

It took about another hour, but then they were gone, leaving my room in tatters. I should have been pissed, but at the moment, I was too tired to care. I didn't follow them back to Evelyn's new compound, I just threw a tracker onto two of the men before they were even out of my yard. Then I called my team.

Cal, Le, high alert , I said after activation my communicator.

Cali groaned. *It's one in the morning, can't it wait until normal people are up?*

LeAnn and I ignored her comment like we normally did. *Got it. Reason?*

Six of Evelyn's brutes broke into my house looking for the info I jacked form his system. They shouldn't know where you live, but I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to the falls for the night.

You know that you still have yet to tell us where the falls are, Cali pointed out. I could practically hear her rolling her eyes. *But anyway, we got it. I'll head over to Le's. Oh, and by the way, you so owe me for waking me up this early.*

Her connected cut off and I chuckled. *Have fun dealing with her in the morning,* I told LeAnn.

She groaned. *If I could, I would so kill you.* With that, her connection shut off too.

I pulled myself up out of the tree and flew towards my falls, going more on memory than sight. When I got there, I took the blanket and pillow that I had grabbed before I left and laid down on the ground. I fell asleep much faster than I thought that I would, almost instantly.

I had always thought that she looked like an angel, even after so many years had passed, I had seen so

much pain and death, that opinion didn't change. With her white-blonde hair floating around her pure, innocent face, Ileana glared at me.

"Anastasia Storm, how stupid can you be?" she raged, pacing back and forth in front of me, her movements looking odd for her twelve-year-old body. "Don't you even *listen* ?"

I raised an eyebrow at her, leaning back against a tree. Even though I knew this was a dream, I treated it seriously. "Yes, but only to the things that I wish to hear."

Ileana's blue eyes were blazing. "I swear to god that I am going to *kill* you, I don't care that I am a ghost-spirit- things or whatever, I will find a way! The reason people give you advice is so that you don't make stupid mistakes that will get you killed!"

Again I raised an eyebrow at her. "Really? That's the reason? I thought I was the only fourteen year old who had assassins and crime lords trying to kill me, it's nice to know that I'm not alone."

“You know damn well what I mean!” She stopped in her pacing enough to smack me on the back of the head before continuing her rounds. “I told you specifically not to push Ray away, but do you listen? No! You don’t. Then, the next night you have a group of barbarians trying to kill you. When I tell you something, it’s not a suggestion, but a frickin’ order! Do you *want* to die?”

“Some days? Yes, that would be preferable to my hell. But most days, no. Ileana, I listen to you with no questions asked with nearly everything that you tell me to do, but this, this I just can’t do. What’s so important about him anyway that I have to be all goody-goody nice around him anyway?”

She sighed and came to sit in front of me. “You know that since I am dead I can only interfere so much with the living, right? Well I can only give you the clip notes edited version. Reason one, without him- and yes, him specifically- you will never beat Evelyn. And two-” She broke off, her eyes shifting to the ground.

I stared at her, waiting for her to go on. She didn't. "And what? Is he this secret power that can heal all of man-kind?"

For once, she didn't glare at me for my smartass comment. "Close."

"And by that you mean?" I prompted, confused as to why she just didn't say it already. It honestly couldn't be that bad.

"You won't like it," she warned me. I gave her a look and she continued. "Well, he does have a power, but it's a natural human one, and it can- will- heal the protector of man-kind."

"Ileana," I chided her, "just spit it out already."

"He's your spirit mate," she mumbled under her breath but I heard her anyway.

"Wait, spirit mate… as in soul mate?"

She nodded.

I burst out laughing. "Him? My *soul mate* ? Very funny. I don't have a soul mate."

She glared at me before standing up to start pacing again. “Anastasia, you are *such* a pain in the ass. Why can’t you have a soul mate?”

“Well for many reasons. One, demons don’t have souls. Two, people who are evil don’t have soul mates. Three, no higher power would give me a soul mate when death follows me like a bad odor. Four, I don’t even *like* him. Five, you fall in love with your soul mate, I can’t fall in love since I don’t posses that emotion anymore. I have more reasons if you want them. There are many, many reasons why I should die alone and miserable. I’ll be just delighted to share them.” I was smiling, even though I felt no amusement in this, the only feeling I felt at all was a faint pity for her to even have the thought.

“You know what? I really don’t appreciate your sarcasm. Also, when you fall for him, I am *so* pulling out the ‘I told you so’ card, with the bragging rights and everything.”

I scoffed. “Wish all you want but that’s so not happening, Ileana. Anyway, back to the part of this

whole conversation that is actually viable, why do I need him to defeat Evelyn?"

She rolled her eyes. "Denying things won't help you in the end, especially when you saw it for yourself when you went to the future, and you know that I can't help you. You're a Jumper, the balance is fragile, extremely fragile, and you should know that personally since you nearly made yourself cease to exist many times. One tiny thing, even on a littler scale than this could cause a catastrophic effect. It's a gamble just telling you that you will need him, hell, I am pushing it by being your Guardian-"

I held my hand up, stopping her monologue. "'Guardian'? What is that?"

She slapped her forehead with her palm. "I shouldn't have mentioned that. They are going to *kill* me… again."

"Angels don't kill other angels."

Her mouth fell open. "How do you know that I'm…?"

It was my turn to roll my eyes. "I've seen enough dying in my life, trust me on that. I've seen ghosts

and I've seen the angels that guild them to their next lives. I know that some people are chosen to be angels depending on what they do in this life and others are reborn and all that reincarnation crap. Now, please answer my question."

She sighed. "I am going to get into *so* much trouble for this. Well, here it goes. You know guardian angels, right? Well most angels have more than one charge, or person to guard over, a few of them have one charge because that person needs more attention when they are being watched over. Most of the time, Guardian's can't interfere directly, but they can influence other humans to get their charge back on track. You're different though. When I died, I got your Guardian's place after a while, and since you knew my voice, they thought it would be safe for me to talk to you and for you just to brush it off as a mental break but still pay attention to me. Now they are getting angry for interfering too much. Normally I would tell you why you need him, but if I do, they'll know and I won't get to be your Guardian anymore. That make any sense?"

I rubbed my temples, finding out then that only I could mange to get a headache in a dream. “I think so…. But instead of telling me why I need him, can you tell me why you irrationally think of *him* as my soul mate or spirit mate or whatever.”

“I’m an angel, Anastasia, we’re dead, impartial. While I love you, I have no sudden urge to get you together with the first man who shows an interest in you that you notice. I see what things *are*, not what I *want* them to be.”

“But-” She was gone before I could finish my argument.

I came awake with a jerk to see that I was still sleeping on the ground at the falls. I groaned and flipped onto my stomach. I guess that I wasn’t even allowed to have nice, non-confusing dreams like normal people anymore. Wonderful. With a sigh, I tried to fall back asleep; knowing that I had a lot to do tomorrow didn’t help with that task at all.

Chapter 15

Storm (Chap. 15)

Chapter 15

“You need to get some sleep.”

I rubbed my bleary eyes and tried not to yawn again. “Cali, I’m fine. Trust me.”

“Normally I would say that I do, without hesitation, but you are always the one to tell us never to completely trust you. So, as I was saying, get some sleep or I will knock you out and you’ll be catching some z’s that way, got it?”

I felt a mask settle over my face, one of cold indifference that I always used, and I forced myself

to shove my exhaustion away. I raised an eyebrow. “And just what makes you think that you could get that close to me?”

She rolled her eyes. “Drop the tough guy act. You haven’t slept for days, Storm; you’re going to kill yourself if you keep this up, you’re getting too weak.”

I looked over at LeAnn out of the corner of my eye, she didn’t say anything but I could tell that she agreed whole-heartedly with Cali. To them, I was weak.

An unholy expression slid past my face before I could conceal it. No one would call me weak again, not even my team. “Really? I am still a better fighter than both of you and I am the leader of this team so if you really have an issue with me, then you can take control of this team.” No reply. “That’s what I thought. Now, we’re done with training, go home if you wish, but if you plan on nagging me anymore, I would highly suggest staying here for your own safety.” I turned on my heal and left our headquarters without a backwards glance.

I might have sounded a bit bitchy, okay, so that was extremely bitchy, but I just couldn't handle anyone calling me weak. Every time that someone did, I thought back to the first time that I had even been tortured. I had been tortured for hours before Evelyn decided to show his face, he'd walked in the room with the most gleeful smile on his face and sat down in one of the chairs in the corner. The two men, I think that they had been in the middle of ripping off my fingernails before he had showed up, had instantly stopped what they were doing and left the room. I just laid there, strapped to a table, and glaring at the man who I had once looked at as a role model but now would have killed at the first opportunity.

"Anastasia, nice to see you again, though, admittedly, you aren't looking quite as well as the last time that our paths had crossed."

"I wonder why, asshole," I'd sneered.

He'd grinned even wider. "Oh, I don't." He'd shrugged. "If you wouldn't have been- wait, still are- so weak, I wouldn't have the pleasure of seeing you

know. Didn't you know that the girl was just an unneeded weight, that she was dragging you down. Oh, the things that we could have accomplished if that inane child hadn't been holding you back." He had paused dramatically. "Well worry not, all is not lost. Just think of all of the things that we could do once we figure out what causes your powers. Think of all the possibilities, Anastasia, think of all the *wondrous* things my army could do with powers like yours." He had laughed such a bone-chilling laugh that I had cringed, desperate to get away from him. "Oh, and just so you know, I'll need you alive, so don't go getting the idea that your torment will end anytime soon, but you won't be alone, I'll make sure that I send down many of my men to keep you company."

Now I felt tears burn at my eyes and I savagely pushed them back, I would never be that weak again, no one else would ever die again because I was too weak. I flew even faster, not caring where I was going, just wanting to outrun… everything. I wasn't sure how much more of this that I could take. Logically, I knew that I probably wouldn't survive the

next four years to be able to be a legal adult, but illogically, I wanted to be able to know that I would live to be eighteen, even older. I wanted nothing more than to go back to when I was eleven, somehow stop my powers from ever showing up, and just go on living as a normal human but that would never happen. It couldn't. Not even with my power to travel back in time.

Without even really noticing it, I landed back at my falls and sat on the ground underneath a tree. Maybe if I couldn't go back, I could just fall asleep and never wake up again, never have to deal with all of the death and pain that I see daily.

Oh, stop with the sob story, I heard an irritated voice snap in my head.

I sighed. "Well hello to you to, Ileana, nice to see you, not that I missed you the past four days, it's been quiet without you messing up my dreams.

Please, you're sarcasm isn't as endearing as you think it is.

"You're sure? I think that everyone *loves* it."

She gave a frustrated groan. *You are* such *a child. So I told you that Ray's your soul mate? So freakin' what? Get over yourself for just a moment and see the bigger picture here.*

"The only things that I am seeing here is that you need to take an anger management class and that you also must've hit your head when you died because suggesting that I actually need someone is ludicrous. I can take care of Evelyn without *his* help."

You are seriously lucky that I'm dead right now or I would have bashed your head in for that.

"Testy, testy. You need those classes pronto."

She paused as she forcefully got control of her anger. *I'll let you know that you've brought this on yourself. I was going to let you ignore Ray and with seeing him less, you might not have fallen in love with him, as long as you listened to be, but now you've left me no choice. As your guardian, I see no other choice; the only way to save you is to get you to trust him completely, there's only one way to do that.*

My eyes widened at her threat and I felt panic trying to completely overcome me. “W-what are you going to do?” Getting on an angel’s bad side was practically suicide, they were one of the most powerful beings in the universe, only gods and goddess- not that any non-angels ever encountered the beings- were more powerful, they could do anything, have anyone do or feel anything, control whatever they wished with just a flick of a finger. I had kept thinking of Ileana as the girl that I used to know, not an all-powerful angel, my mistake.

He’ll be thrust into your path at every available opportunity and then, then you won’t be able to resist him, you’ll either give in and trust him, or you won’t and you’ll fall for him, you better figure which choice you’re going with, and fast.

“No! Please, don’t!” She was gone, I knew that, but I couldn’t stop the words. If I fell, I would be weak. If I was weak, people, him for sure, would die. If that happened again, it would kill me, utterly destroy me. Even though I knew it was inevitable, I was afraid of

death, I may hate to admit it but I couldn't fight it. I had to trust him, it was either that or I would die.

"So wait, repeat that again. Slower this time."

I managed not to grimace, but only barely, but barely. "I will help you get your team out, Ray, but I need you to capture me in order for that to happen."

He stared at me, his green eye eerily piercing. "Have you, by chance, been smacked in the head recently or are you just deranged?"

I shrugged. "Could be either, but it's probably the last one." *How's this,* I thought to Ileana, not sure if she could hear, *I'm not trying to kill him or being rude.*

There was a sigh. *It's a start. You'll have to do better than this if you don't want me to interfere though.*

Ray looked startled. "Whoa, what was that?"

I blinked. "What was what?"

"That person that you were talking to."

Shit, I forgot that when he was in my dreams that he could hear my thoughts. "A friend. Now, are you

going to help me or am I going to have to wait until someone tries to kill me in my sleep?"

He glowered. "How about we try something else? How do you know that Evelyn won't just have you killed on sight? I won't let you put yourself in danger for me."

"He wants my powers and the only way for him to obtain them is for me to be alive. If I go in there already 'weakened' then he will put me in the same building that he has all of his other prisoners rather than in the infirmary since he'll think he has enough time to bring the equipment to me and not the other way around. He needs the infirmary since he can't have his people go to hospitals so I know that he won't put me there like he had last time without it being necessary."

Ray stared at me for a while before responding. "Hopefully that made sense to you because it made no sense to me." He shook his head. "That doesn't matter. Uh, how do you plan on looking 'weakened'?"

I grinned. "Well you're going to try and kill me."

About the Author

aquaturtle66